Ballet TODAY

JUNE, 1961
TWO SHILLINGS

THIS ISSUE CONTAINS
PHOTOS AND BIOGRAPHIES
OF THE LENINGRAD DANCERS

ALLA OSIPENKO
IN SWAN LAKE

Ballet TODAY

A MONTHLY REVIEW DEVOTED TO DANCE
ESTABLISHED 1946

One of the dances from *The Stone Flower*, the ballet with which the Kirov season opens in London

This Issue

June 1961

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editor's log

PRESS CONFERENCE

left to right: John Gilpin, Anton Dolin, Anatole Fistoulari, Brian Tesler (who will supervise the television of the Midlands Festival of Ballet) and Howard Thomas, Managing Director of ABC Television Ltd., sponsors of the Festival.

DESPITE the predictions of my horoscope it was not my lucky week. Returning from an enjoyable Easter holiday at Monte Carlo I went down with a king-sized bout of 'flu. To everyone who goes around with a stiff upper lip saying "the show must go on", believe me it's child's play compared with a magazine office when "the issue must go out". Not, I hasten to add, that we are convinced the world awaits our next issue with bated breath, but simply because we cannot face the letters of explanation which we know will have to be written for many years to come. (As witness the hundreds of letters we write regularly explaining that since 1956 we issue only ten numbers a year.)

However, the issue went through, and may I be forgiven for a few minor mistakes which crept through my proof reading—I hope too many of you did not dash madly through the magazine looking for a coupon which I told you could be found on page 10, which in fact sat next to the notice (on page 21) telling you it appeared on page 10.

By the end of the week, feeling that I should live, I decided to accept an invitation to a press conference at the Café Royal, and make this my first day out. Living out of London has its disadvantages, one of them that you are never sure how long the journey will take. It can be done in half an hour, but sometimes takes an hour and a half. In London, with half an hour to spare, I became part of a slipstream which is one of the oddities of present day life in the metropolis. It is composed of two components, those looking for an unoccupied parking meter, and those moving on from one parking meter to another to beat the two-hour limit. However, by desperate manoeuvring and quick but ruthless action I finally found a vacant lot and moved in, to find that my purse only contained a single sixpence in small change. Could I return in 1 hour? I chanced it. All went well, the speeches were short, there was time for a cocktail and then someone delayed me on the way out. I was a few minutes overdue, but the warden wasn't, there sat the now familiar notice in my windscreen wiper—ten shillings to pay. Later we delivered half-a-dozen copies of the magazine to a shop nearby, there was a notice marked "end of zone", we parked behind it for five minutes only—later a summons arrived—two pounds to pay. It is a wonder I didn't suffer a relapse.

Oh yes, the press conference. It was to announce that ABC Television, who already contribute £20,000 a year to the arts (in grants to Sadler's Wells Theatre, repertory theatres, etc.), are to present a Midlands Festival of Ballet at the Coventry Theatre from the 11th to 15th July. Anton Dolin, who was present, is forming a group of internationally-known dancers for the programme, including Carla Fracci, John Gilpin, Rosella Hightower, Natalia Krassovska, Colette Marchand, Kjeld Noack, Margarethe Schanne, Milorad Miskovitch and André Prokovsky, accompanied by the London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Anatole Fistoulari. Extracts from the two and a half hour's programme will later be televised. Everyone was being cagey about whether this, their first venture in the presentation of a ballet programme in the theatre, was the beginning of a series of such events, but anyway it is a good start in the right direction. Other wealthy firms and organisations could well divert some of their profits to stimulating the arts in this practical manner.

Incidentally the ABC also announced that they were presenting a play in the West End (*Progress to the Park*) as "an acknowledgment of television's debt to the Theatre". As this has now been produced, and received good notices, even from Bernard Levin, it should encourage them to continue their financial support of the arts.

BEFORE we go to press with our next issue the Royal Ballet will be in Russia, they open on 15th June in Leningrad and later appear at the Bolshoi in Moscow.

Wherever the Company has travelled throughout the world our dancers have been received with acclaim, and we know that they will get a great welcome. In a country where the standard is so high theirs is no mean task. With them go our affectionate good wishes for good health, a safe journey and the greatest success ever in the history of the Company.

In turn we shall be welcoming the Leningrad State Kirov Ballet in London for the season commencing 19th June, and for the first time in the history of this magazine we are delaying publication date of our next issue in order that we may include the first reviews of the Leningrad Company, which we know will be eagerly awaited by balletomanes in this country.

(For new publication date see note below.)

NEWS FROM HERE AND THERE

London

John Gilpin is not having the best of luck in his first guest artist appearances with the Royal Ballet. After a bad fall on stage last year he suffered with a back injury, and a recurrence of this trouble made it necessary for several of his performances to be cancelled to date.

Julia Farron will officially retire from the Royal Ballet at the end of this current season, although she will accompany the Company to Russia. She will be sadly missed. Miss Farron joined the Sadler's Wells Ballet as the youngest recruit ever in 1936 and during her long connection with the Company has travelled to many parts of the world. Miss Farron excelled in character parts and her three last created roles were the wicked sister in Cranko's *Prince of the Pagodas*, Berta in Ashton's *Ondine*, and Jocasta in Cranko's *Antigone*. Miss Farron is married to Alfred Rodrigues, the choreographer, and has a son.

There are to be two more happy events amongst members of the Royal Ballet. Rosemary Lindsay who is married to Bill Bundy, stage director of the Royal Ballet, has now retired to await her baby, and Brenda Taylor and Desmond Doyle are expecting their firstborn.

Margaret Dale, former leading soloist with the Royal Ballet, now producing ballet for B.B.C. TV., is to make a British Council sponsored visit to Chile.

She has been invited by the Ballet de Arte Moderno, Santiago, to teach and produce the company in *Giselle*.

Miss Dale worked with the company for a month before the first performance on 7th June.

Tani Morena, teacher of Spanish dancing, is to hold another of her evenings of Spanish Dancing, this time by members of her group who are being trained for professional work. This will be held at the Polish Hearth at 55, Princes Gate, London, 24th June, and tickets can be obtained from Miss Morena at 81, Fordwych Road, N.W.2—price 3s. 6d., 5s. and 7s. 6d.

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THE PUBLICATION DATE OF OUR NEXT ISSUE WILL BE 5TH JULY

LONDON REVIEWS

ROYAL BALLET SEASON

REVISED VERSION OF GISELLE

by FERNAU HALL

ON 4th April the new production of *Giselle*, on view for some months in America, was at last shown at Covent Garden—together with some brand-new costumes.

The most important of the choreographic changes is the strengthening and clarification of the action, brought about with the help of Tamara Karsavina—who rehearsed the artists in many mime scenes, bringing back some of the key passages of the old Maryinsky production which had got lost or muddled when Sergueéff produced *Giselle* for the Vic-Wells Ballet in 1934. In fact the Royal Ballet's version is now superior to the Bolshoi version, for the Russians of today tend to fight shy of conventional mime, believing that it is likely to mystify the audience. But conventional mime as acted and taught by Karsavina is a dramatic miracle, being not only easily comprehensible but expressive and moving: as in Indian dancing, the conventional gestures become a vivid expression of real feeling.

The first important addition is Berthe's description of the terrible fate which awaits girls who die on the eve of their marriage: she builds up the scene for us, creating first the graves, then the Wilis, then the unsuspecting male passer-by....Each detail is acted out to the full, covering much of the stage, and Gerd Larsen does full justice to Karsavina's splendid work as producer. In this way a note of foreboding is introduced quite early on.

Hilarion's part is now enlarged, and he emerges not as a cardboard villain but as a real person, deeply in love with Giselle and bitterly resentful of the fact that she has rejected him for a man he is certain is a deceiver. Here it is a question not so much of conventional gestures but of stylized naturalistic gestures—as when Hilarion (strongly acted by Leslie Edwards) holds up a warning hand which is stiff with frustration and resentment. At the beginning of Act II Hilarion tells to his companions the legend of the Wilis, using the same conventional gestures as Berthe in Act I; but the effect is quite different, for he tells the story in a way fitted to his violent and sullen character. This re-telling of the Wili legend reminds us of the danger facing any passer-by and gives added tension to the later entrance of Albrecht. At the same time it suggests that Hilarion is so distracted by the death of Giselle (brought on by his action) that he half-prepared to be destroyed by the Wilis.

There are no major changes in Giselle's part in Act I, but—as one might expect from such a great artist—Margot Fonteyn has changed her interpretation in a number of subtle ways to fit the revised action. When Hilarion first accuses Albrecht of duplicity, he now does this with such conviction that she cannot help but be impressed, and bursts into tears—indicating this with a charming gesture. Later in Act I there is a pleasant moment when Giselle is crowned queen of the grape harvest, being stood on a table and given a chaplet of flowers as well as a flower-wand: here Margot Fonteyn looks radiant, and this moment of pure joy gives added poignancy to the tragedy which follows soon afterwards. In Act II there are some minor changes in the first encounters of Giselle and Albrecht, tending to give added mystery to their relationship: Giselle now veers unpredictably between a pure Wili (belonging to a world remote from human feelings) and the ghost of Giselle who remembers her love for Albrecht. At one point she gives him flowers from her grave: here the naïve symbolism is very touching. In the first big pas de deux there is now a series of beautiful lifts in which Albrecht carried Giselle through a smooth low arc, which ends with her placed in a *posé en arabesque*.

The ballet ends very differently from before: instead of Albrecht weakly collapsing on the ground (in a way I have always found out of character) we see the Princess (his fiancée) enter, and he kneels down to seek comfort from her in a way which is true and convincing.

Ashton has choreographed a new variation for the Peasant Girl, using music originally composed for Giselle's Act I variation. The music is in a number of sections, and Ashton has taken advantage of this to introduce a fine variety of steps which fit the music well and are in harmony with the style of the period. This is a real improvement on the old variation.

Many of the girls' Act I costumes have been redesigned as well as remade, and the colours are now brighter; moreover, their coiffures have also been altered to give them a more sleek appearance. Giselle's Act II skirt now gleams with new brightness and a

He loves me, he loves me not . . .
Michael Somes and Margot Fonteyn in *Giselle*
Photo: Houston Rogers

jagged edge which gives a delicate suggestion of a shroud. The scenery has been repainted and looks quite fresh.

At the performance on 4th April Margot Fonteyn was suffering from a foot injury sustained that same morning, and—possibly for this reason—her dancing and acting were slightly subdued at the beginning of Act I. But she soon got inside the part, and danced with all her familiar poetry and deft precision; in the mad scene she was overwhelming, and in Act II she was stimulated by the choreographic changes to find new nuances in the lovelorn Wili. At the final curtain—when she received a well-deserved ovation—she gave a special bow of thanks to Karsavina, sitting in the management box.

CAST CHANGES

Nerina

After the inaugural performance of the new production at Covent Garden, with Margot Fonteyn in the title role, there were two further performances with changes of cast in the main roles: one with Nadia Nerina on 12th April, and one with Beriosova on 17th April.

These two Giselles differed from each other very much as one might expect, knowing the marked differences between the two ballerinas in temperament, style and physique. Nerina showed herself slightly unhappy in the slower, rather naïve aspects of Act I, but made a real impact in the mad scene by the clarity with which she articulated her performance, establishing quite definitely each mood and the transition to the next. It was obvious she had devoted a lot of thought to each detail. She began very childishly, making Giselle revert to an infant: her facial expressions as she did this were in fact a tour de force. When she began to repeat her pas de deux with Albrecht she showed (in contrast with most Giselles) a neat pair of feet, contrasting in an effective way with her disordered arms. As she walked over to Albrecht there was a gradual and continuous change from complete trust to horrified disillusion; then she aged very suddenly; and finally there was a pathetic return to complete sanity the moment before she died. In Act II Nerina (as so often with her) showed herself most at ease when she had the fastest and most difficult steps to do: this paradoxical artist finds difficult things easy and vice versa.

Beriosova

Beriosova made a vivid impression in the extended, bounding steps of Act I, showing all the ease, lyricism and nobility which are her birthright. It was hard to believe in this gracious, radiant creature as a simple village maiden: instead, one thought of her as a Russian princess who at an early age had been concealed in this remote village by her parents—no doubt to save her from the machinations of some evil magician. She was naïve, as Giselle must be—but in her own Beriosovan fashion, with great dignity and assurance. In fact throughout the ballet she gave delight more by the grace, pure line and natural, easy phrasing of her dance movements than by her interpretation of the particular character and moods of a particular maiden. When Hilarion first told her of his suspicions of Albrecht, for example, she began to walk slowly on a diagonal line, downstage and to her right, maintaining one simple expression of hurt bewilderment which lasted until Albrecht came up from behind to reassure her: this was very different from the mercurial changes of mood shown by Fonteyn at this point (which in fact tally very well with the worries Giselle's mother now expresses about her daughter's fragile health). Like Fonteyn, however, Beriosova showed herself well able to give grace and meaning to very simple steps and poses, such as abound in the role of Giselle.

Anya Linden as Queen of the Wilis
Photo: Houston Rogers

Albrecht

Of the three Albrechts, that of Donald Macleary (dancing with Beriosova) was the best: he danced well, partnered well, and was particularly good in the difficult scene where Albrecht is confronted with the Duke of Courland and his daughter and (in front of Giselle) is caught out in his deceit. Here Donald Macleary showed a fine mixture of guilt, shame and remorse, at the same time being every inch a Count. David Blair (who danced with Nerina) has improved his interpretation of aristocratic classical roles a great deal in recent years, but the shame and confusion he communicated at this point was unconvincing and out of character.

Myrtha

By far the best of the Myrthas was Christine Beckley (in the Nerina cast). She has refined and strengthened her interpretation of the Queen of the Wilis, making her (as Karsavina makes clear is the tradition) powerful and evil, and yet keeping within the limits of the classical-romantic style. Particularly impressive was the way she made her arm and leg movements (in the passages of pure dancing) expressive of Myrtha's nature: they were hard and crisp, while being at the same time graceful and noble, as befits a romantic queen of fairyland. Deanne Bergsma (in the Beriosova cast) was perhaps led astray by her efforts to achieve the same hard quality as Christine Beckley: in fact she was hard in a clumsy and unclassical way, with stiff and jerky arms.

Annette Page made heavy weather of the new variation in the "Peasant" pas de deux on 12th April; musically, it is rather complex, and she failed to find a way of phrasing the steps so that they made sense with the music; but one may feel sure that this talented ballerina will find a solution to her problems in due course. Merle Park seems to revel in musical problems, and on 17th April gave a performance likely to gladden the heart of the choreographer—finding delicious accents to point up in almost every phrase, and

GISELLE *Continued from page 5*

ROYAL BALLET SEASON

making the sudden moments of stillness (in pauses in the music) particularly radiant.

At each performance of *Giselle* one notices new details of the revised production, on which a great deal of work has clearly been done—and nearly all these details contribute towards making the action more real and convincing. The Duke decides to rest for a while at Giselle's cottage because his daughter is feeling a little unwell; Giselle's mother is upset when Giselle tells the Princess that she is passionately fond of dancing, and explains to the Princess that Giselle will kill herself if she goes on dancing in that ungoverned way; there is a small new group dance towards the end of Act I, when six village boys and a larger group of girls dance alternately; and—most important of all—the Queen of the Wilis is now given a following spot to herself, so that she can be clearly seen throughout the action. (Before, she was lost in darkness much of the time—even when she was giving orders vital to the action.)

One unsatisfactory feature of this new production is that it has been made the occasion for a new policy of presenting two-act ballets on their own, without a one-act ballet to fill up the programme: this applies not only to *Giselle* but also to *La Fille Mal Gardée*. The new type of programme is not only short—two hours or less—but lacking in variety. One would imagine that the small amount of money saved in this way (on royalties to choreographers and composers) is far more than counteracted by the annoyance it causes to the public (now given much less value for their money) and may in fact result in a net loss to the management because of lower bookings. At the same time, by cutting down the opportunities for one-act ballets, it makes the lot of choreographers, composers, designers and dancers even harder, and inhibits the progress of the art of ballet.

This new programme policy may be a misguided reaction to trends in box-office takings; for at the same time one finds two very long dramatic one-act ballets (*Le Baiser de la Fée* and *Antigone*) included in one programme lasting over three hours! This is going too far in the opposite direction.

LA FILLE MAL GARDÉE

Merle Park

Merle Park has taught us to expect some sort of miracle whenever she takes over a role. For one thing she is exceptionally versatile—so much so that it is hard to think of any role in which she could be miscast. For another thing, she has that very rare type of musicality which is essentially creative: tackling each phrase with spontaneity and imagination, she makes of it something new, and yet something which seems inevitable. (Though not as mature artistically as Margot Fonteyn or Galina Ulanova, she must be ranked with these two supreme artists in her musicality.)

Dancing the title role in *La Fille Mal Gardée* on 10th April, Merle Park danced competently for most of Act I Scene 1, keeping very close in her acting and dancing to the canon established by Nadia Nerina: her performance was agreeable, but hardly miraculous, so that one wondered if the choreography lacked some quality needed to touch off her creative powers. Then she launched herself into the variation of the pas de deux, and the miracle happened. This variation, designed for a dancer with a very remarkable technique (Nerina), combines together two things which one does not think of going together at all: a fast tempo and big, swinging leg movements (such as *grands battements en cloche*). Merle Park ambled through these fantastically difficult steps in a carefree, off-hand manner—no trouble in the world!—while using her head well, maintaining perfect line and keeping up a very fast tempo. The steps became an emanation of the music, and perfectly expressed Lise's happy mood at this moment. From then on Merle Park retained much of this quality in her dancing, and won a well-deserved ovation at the end.

Donald Macleary

Donald Macleary looked elegant as Colas, but his dancing of the role was a little erratic. Designed for the virile and powerful David Blair, this role made demands on his technique which he was unable fully to meet: his leaps with one foot coming up to the knee were well done, but some of his pirouettes were shaky, and this technical uncertainty obviously made it difficult for him to put his whole heart into his interpretation of the role. But Macleary is one of today's most promising young male dancers, and it was a very good idea to give him this part: in due time he will master its difficulties, and it gives him just the sort of experience he needs to develop his style.

BAISER DE LA FÉE

Antoinette Sibley

On 14th April the performance of *Le Baiser de la Fée* was given a special magic by Antoinette Sibley's performance of the Fiancée. In a role which suits her, Antoinette Sibley is just as much capable of miracles as Merle Park, and from the moment she emerged on the stage for the first time Sibley made it obvious that the Fiancée suits her very well. In Scene 2 (A Village Fête) she gave the role a very individual grace and poetry by means one associates with Merle Park—that is, by building up the musical side of the dances: in fact she made Kenneth Macmillan's choreography shine with a new lustre. Her acting, too, was vivid and spontaneous—projecting out to the farthest reaches of the theatre Sibley's conception of a youthful, gay and lovable bride. Particularly well done was the sudden darkening of her mood just before the entrance of the Fairy, when she had a premonition of disaster.

In the final scene she achieved a characteristically Sibleyan miracle, expressing the lonely torment of the girl deserted by her lover with arm movements that coiled upward like wounded snakes, and desperately fluttering hands. At a crucial stage in her career she was strongly influenced by the dancing of Uday Shankar and his company; knowing nothing of this, a distinguished Indian dancer (who witnessed this performance) told me afterwards, with great astonishment, that Sibley had been harmonising her eye and hand movements in a way which is central to Indian classical dancing, being summed up in the rule: "The eye follows the hand; the mind follows the eye; the mood follows the mind; and aesthetic fulfilment follows the mood." Here Sibley was unconsciously following in the footsteps of Pavlova, who was also influenced by the dancing of Uday Shankar and his choreography for her.

LES PATINEURS

John Gilpin

On 19th April a packed house welcomed John Gilpin's first appearance as guest artist with the Royal Ballet. He was seen as the "blue boy", the principal male role in *Les Patineurs*. One expected the role to suit him, for it consists essentially of the display of the most difficult male steps, and makes the sort of demands on the dancer which Gilpin (with his remarkable technique) normally seems to relish.

Unfortunately he failed to get into the skin of the part: as Harold Turner (who created the part) has made clear, this champion skater is very proud of his own virtuosity, and displays it with delightful bravura and panache on every possible occasion. But Gilpin showed exactly the same strained facial expressions (with only a wisp of a smile at intervals) that disfigured his dancing during his final period with the Festival Ballet: in fact he communicated a sense of effort that was quite wrong for the part. At one point he made the right sort of impression with an inward pirouette that went slower and slower until it ended with the dancer balanced on half-pointe. This gave a hint of what we may hope to see from John Gilpin dancing at the Royal Opera House, once he has recovered from the back injury which has been troubling him for some time.

THE FIREBIRD

David Blair

David Blair, taking over the role of Ivan Tsarevitch for the first time on 19th April, gave the finest interpretation of this role to be seen here since the ballet was performed by the Ballets Russes in the thirties. Rehearsed by Serge Grigoriev and Lubov Tchernicheva (who know exactly what Fokine intended, having worked with Fokine), Blair made Ivan into a real Russian prince—slow-moving and slow-thinking, very different from the princes of the ballets of French inspiration, but in his own way very noble. He showed us an Ivan who is completely sure of himself: as a real folk hero, he thinks nothing of tackling the most dangerous thing there is (a Firebird); when he sees the Tsarevna, he decides she is the woman for him, and takes her submission for granted, ending up by firmly kissing her. Blair was particularly good at the time when Ivan is tackled by groups of Kotscheï's minions, throwing large numbers of them aside with the right sort of epic heroism. One thought of Eisenstein's epic heroes, such as Alexander Nevsky: all credit to Blair that he was able to transform himself into such a convincing Russian, and establish a hero able to carry his full weight in the action, alongside the magical Firebird.

SLEEPING BEAUTY

Annette Page

Owing to the decision to take *The Sleeping Beauty* to Russia, the series of performances scheduled to take place had to be cancelled after May 13, leaving only three performances during the remainder of the season. The first of these on the 4th May was given with Annette Page in the title role. Princess Aurora does not suit this talented artist very well, for it includes a good deal of adage, whereas she is at her best moving at high speed—and there were times when faults of line detracted from the magic which Aurora must needs evoke; but she came into her own in the fast short solo which precedes the finger-pricking, soaring admirably in high travelling *assemblés* with *ronds de jambe*, and she acted the subsequent dramatic scene with sincere intensity.

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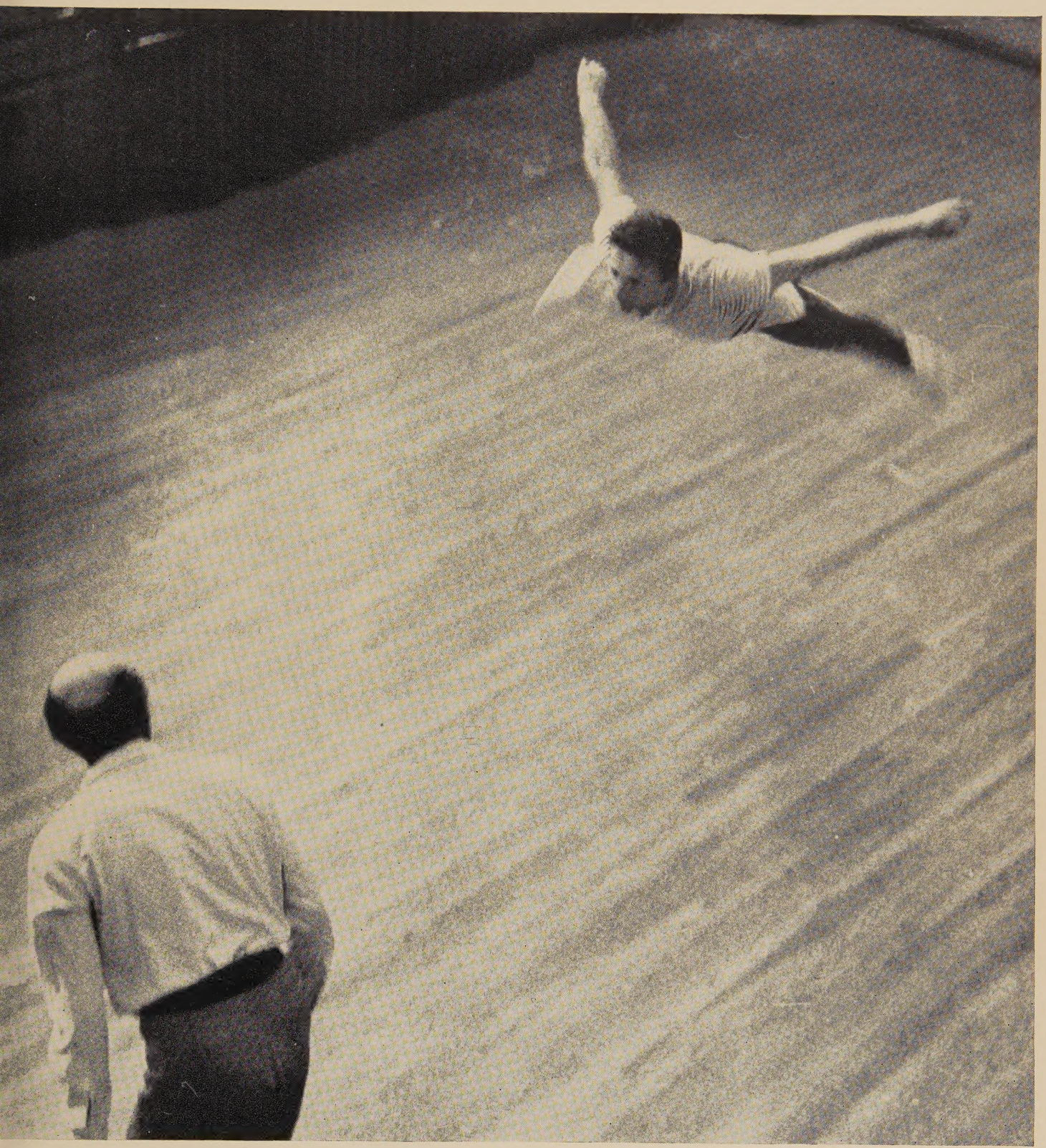
picture of the month



MAN IN FLIGHT
JOHN GILPIN REHEARSING *LES PATINEURS* WITH
HAROLD TURNER, THE ORIGINAL CREATOR OF THE ROLE.

Photo: Zoe Dominic

MARCEL MARCEAU

ON 7th April Marcel Marceau began a three-week season at the Savile Theatre, presenting mainly new solos—though one welcomed as old friends two very successful items, *Bip as Lion-Tamer* and *Bip at a Fashionable Party*. Both contain one or two moments which one might describe as quintessentially Bippish in their combination of exact observation and mad fantasy—as, for example, the moment at the end of the lion-taming when Bip puts his head in the hoop and roars, and the moment at the end of the visit to the party when Bip goes around shaking hands and is once again slightly staggered by the contrast in height between two successive guests.

The best of the new items is unquestionably *The Entertainer*, in which Bip essays various forms of street-acrobatics and finally launches out on an imaginary tightrope. This visual gag is one which numerous comics have exploited for many years, and it is a measure of Marceau's imagination, supple technique, expressive clown-face and perfect timing that he is able to amuse us enormously with something so familiar: like Chaplin, he can transform ancient slapstick into a kind of wild and witty poetry. (In fact Marceau, deliberately or not, acknowledges his great debt to Chaplin in a number of adaptations of Chaplinisms, such as the splayed-toe walk and a weird pirouette made on turning a corner.)

Another affinity with Chaplin can be seen in the sadness which underlies much of the indomitable gaiety. Marceau in fact gives variety to the programme by presenting two items in which comedy is either non-existent or becomes subordinate to tragedy. In *Youth, Maturity, Old Age and Death* (which ends the first half of the programme) we are taken through four ages of man very quickly and in a "straight" manner, as if to emphasise the precariousness of our tenure of life. The programme ends with *The Mask Maker* which Marceau clearly intends as a Pirandellian comment on his own work as composer and interpreter *The Mask Maker* starts as a display of Marceau's virtuosic control of his facial expressions: each time he pretends to put on a mask (Pierrot, comic clown, or ancient tragedy) the transformation of the features is instantaneous and so enormous that the illusion of a mask is complete; the tragic mask is particularly satisfying, with its down-turned mouth suggesting not only a Græco-Roman mask but the face of a hero of Kabuki as represented in a Japanese colour-print. Unfortunately Marceau is tempted by his own virtuosity into a rather inartistic display, with masks alternating at blinding speed—and this detracts from the serious end to the item, when the mask-maker finds himself stuck with the clown mask.

Notwithstanding the many delights of this evening, it leaves one with two regrets. One is that Marceau gives no real opportunities to his assistant Pierre Verry (who simply displays the cards with the names of the items); the other is that Marceau has not brought his company and shown some of the Mimodramas he has composed since his last visit. For in these group items Marceau has been moving into a new world, whereas in his solos he continues a great but familiar tradition.

THE MUSIC MAN

WITH something like half London's theatres given over to musicals—and most of the musicals including quite ambitious dancing—talented dancers are finding it worthwhile to move into this field for at least part of their careers; though *The Music Man* which opened at the Adelphi Theatre on 15th March does not challenge comparison with *West Side Story* (which is essentially a ballet with trimmings) it has some scenes where dancing adds itself in a spontaneous way to the singing, serving in fact as a culmination of something which has been building up for some time. Good examples of this are *Seventy-Six Trombones* (where the amusingly blatant march rhythms of the show's hit-tune find a visual equivalent in boisterous marching and jumping) and *Marian the Librarian*. Then there is a dance-number *Shipoopi*—a glorified cake-walk—which is supposed to be based on steps taught to the boys and girls of the town by the spell-binding salesman.

The leading dance-role is taken by Ben Stevenson, previously familiar as a danseur noble in the Festival Ballet: in fact he shows himself quite at home in the boisterous junketings of a small town of the Middle West, and combines these with the elegant performance of a certain number of classical steps. Omma White's choreography (as reproduced by James Barron) lacks the consistency that was one of the most striking characteristics of a comparable work like the film *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*, but a talented, high-spirited and good-looking group of dancers make the best of the steps allotted to them.

ST. PANCRAS FESTIVAL

THIS year the St. Pancras Arts Festival included (on March 24) an evening of ballet which took the unusual and attractive shape of a recital by six soloists: Doreen Wells, Alexander Bennett, Selina Wylie, Terry Gilbert, Pamela Hart and Michael Hogan.

Such a recital has many advantages: it can provide, for example, a performance of *Les Sylphides* complete except for the corps de ballet entries, and the finale from *The Sleeping Beauty*. (The former in fact began the show, and the latter ended it.) In this way the dancers were able to break away from the limited repertoire of solos and pas de deux made familiar by recitals, and thus give the audience a varied and interesting show. They chose their items reasonably well, but missed the opportunity of presenting something new. This was particularly unfortunate in the case of Terry Gilbert, who has shown by his appearances in new ballets that he has remarkable talents which do not find full expression in the familiar war-horses of the standard repertoire: he made some slight attempt to break new ground in a character dance he performed with Selina Wylie to the music of the Czardas from *Coppélia*, but the synthetic character steps he used were feeble compared with real Hungarian steps, or even with the homogenized Hungarian steps of the familiar Maryinsky choreography. Fortunately Terry Gilbert showed some of his true ability in a Russian dance from *The Sleeping Beauty*.

Doreen Wells went from strength to strength as the evening wore on. She was competent and assured in the Prelude and

Continued at foot of next column

INESITA

THERE are quite a number of good Spanish dancers, and a very small number of great artists working in this field—artists whose achievements make them rank with the greatest exponents of other classical techniques, such as ballet and the various Indian classical styles. Inesita, performing Flamenco dances as part of a lecture-demonstration at Morley College on 5th April, proved that she is one of these supreme artists, and that the superlatives she has won from the leading American dance-critics are fully justified.

Flamenco is essentially an Oriental classical dance, related to the Kathak dance of North India, and the achievement of this American girl in penetrating to the soul of Flamenco is most extraordinary, notwithstanding the fact that her mother is Spanish: even within Spain, it is highly exceptional when a non-gypsy Andalusian like Antonio fully masters this ancient Andalusian art which the gypsies have preserved and developed.

Like other supreme exponents of Flamenco, Inesita has brought to a high and very individual pitch of perfection each aspect of this art: footbeats in great variety, sinuous hand-movements, strongly contrasted facial expressions, explosive finger-snaps, castanet-playing, bent-back turns (*vueltas quebradas*) and so on. But—as with all great artists—one quickly takes her technical brilliance for granted. What stands out most of all is her absorption into the particular mood of each dance—in fact this American girl seems to have no problems in calling up what the gypsies call *duende*, or demon—and the exceptional artistry and understanding with which she constructs her dances, ringing the changes on fast and slow, violence and and softness, staccato and legato. Construction is the most difficult aspect of any Oriental type of music or dance for a Westerner to master—for it is a question of improvisation within strict rules, and the performer is also the composer or choreographer—and Inesita showed by her lecture that she has done important pioneer work in analysing the construction of Flamenco dances. As part of this work, she has explored the complex relationship between the phrasing, rhythm and mood of the dancing and the corresponding aspects of the guitar-playing and the singing; for she combines two qualities which rarely come together in a dancer; keen analytical intelligence and a capacity for spontaneous creative expression.

Of the dances which she showed—*Alegrías* leading into *Bulerías*, *Seguirías* and *Soleares*—the last two were the most remarkable: in fact they were the finest of their kind, in composition and execution, that I have ever seen; and this is astounding, for these two dances, with their sombre moods, take us closer to the dark Oriental heart of Flamenco than any other.

Continued from previous column

Pas de Deux of *Les Sylphides*. Then, in the Rose Adage of *The Sleeping Beauty*, she danced with a very fair approach to the grand manner, combined in an attractive way with a child-like demureness which comes naturally to her and suits the part admirably. Finally she evoked very warm applause by her performance of an item one would not expect her to enjoy—the *Don Quixote* pas de deux. Here her strong technique and assurance provided a basis for a brilliant performance, with a good deal of the right sort of bravura.

A small but talented orchestra was competently conducted by Geoffrey Corbett.

SUNDAY BALLET CLUB

As has happened more than once, the programme presented by the Sunday Ballet Club at the Lyric Theatre on 23rd April revealed a marked split into two sections: one deriving from the American world of modern dance and jazz—unpretentious, but full of vitality and freshness—and another section in which British choreographers made further attempts at neo-classical genres which were played out years ago.

Vignettes

The work of the evening was beyond question *Vignettes*, choreographed and to a large extent danced by Cristyne Lawson, a pupil of Martha Graham who was for a time a member of the Martha Graham company. Like most of the best danseuses who have worked with Graham, Cristyne Lawson represents a delightful mixture of races, being in fact an Afro-American: she has the marvellous face and physique one has come to expect from such dancers, as well as their special blend of relaxation, force, spontaneity and emotional warmth. Perhaps *Vignettes* would not be considered very original in America, but it is in an idiom which is strange here—movements in an almost pure Grahamish style to very cool modern jazz, avoiding the more familiar jazz movements almost completely.

Like most jazz dancing, *Vignettes* is abstract, without any story, and yet comes over as something very warm and approachable: in fact it consists of three dances in different moods. The first, a pas seul by Cristyne Lawson, showed a girl playing with a balloon: this had a certain easy charm, but never really took off as a dance. The best item was the second, a pas de deux with a splendid variety of unusual and intriguing lifts. The interplay between Cristyne Lawson and her husband Graham Smith (a dancer with a fine command of silky, strong movements) was subtle and sometimes witty. Finally came a pas de trois for Bill Duthie, Lindsay Dolan and Cristyne Lawson in a fast tempo with considerable gaiety.

Much of the sucess of *Vignettes* can be attributed to the very close collaboration between the choreographer and the composer, Ron Grainer. Last year, in Paris, Cristyne Lawson worked with the Modern Jazz Quartet on four ballets, and her feeling for this idiom is very sensitive. Ron Grainer, for his part, is an Australian with a marked feeling both for jazz and for the sort of patterns suited to dancing (as he previously showed by his score for Leo Kharibian's ballet *Figures*): for *Vignettes* he brought together the fascinating instrumental combination of saxophone, clarinet, flute, percussion, bass and harpsichord, and though he did not use it with the originality of the best contemporary composers, he produced a cool jazz of a very personal and charming kind that moved a long way from familiar jazz patterns.

The only weak feature of the ballet was Cristyne Lawson's costume: the men looked fine in severe practise costume, and Cristyne Lawson would have done well to follow their example, instead of adding a flimsy, semi-transparent skirt which merged badly with the leotard around her hips.

Chiaroscuro

The programme began with Peter Darrell's ballet *Chiaroscuro*, from the repertoire of the Western Theatre Ballet, and danced by six of the company's leading dancers; this was presented in lieu of a new production *One in Five* which was not available. *Chiaroscuro* was in a very familiar style—the slightly Dadaist, neo-classical style which originated in the twenties during the final period of the Diaghilev Ballet. An essential feature of this style is frivolity; if there is any drama, it arises from nothing, lasts for only a short time and leads to nothing, while choreography, music, costume and the other elements may well move at cross-purposes. Such a ballet stands or falls by its wit: unfortunately Peter Darrell is singularly lacking in this quality, and his attempts at humour (as when the dancers limped around the stage in a line) were most Teutonically heavy-handed. Three fine danseuses (Hazel Merry, Brenda Last and Clover Roope) struggled gamely to put some life into the steps, but their attempts to put a gloss of sophistication on the choreography were defeated by Peter Darrell's insensitive treatment of the South American rhythms of the Darius Milhaud music.

Trial

Peter Wright's ballet *Trial* was baffling in its development, for the story made little sense: one had the feeling that the choreographer, listening to a very noisy and contrasty piece of music by Villa-Lobos, worked out the story, scene by scene, without much sense of direction—drawing on a considerable number of dramatic ballets in the Royal Ballet's reportoire with which he was presumably familiar. The ballet got under way with a rape, somewhat after the manner of *The Invitation;* then came a chase in the manner of *Blood Wedding*, a trial scene in the manner of *Mirror for Witches*, and a killing with staves in the manner of *Checkmate;* finally the hero was put on a cross in a heavily symbolic manner reminiscent of a number of Massine's more pretentious works. There was no sense of period or place in this choreography, and it is possibly for this reason that Yolanda Sonnabend—who showed real talent in her designs for the Humphrey Searle opera *Diary of a Madman*—went astray in her work on *Trial*. Most of the men wore smocks with jejune abstract patterns that broke up their movements, and the decor—a triangular shape hanging in mid-air—was depressingly meaningless. The best thing about this ballet was the performance by the young Javanese dancer, Chesterina Sim Zecha, of the leading female role, that of the young girl who is raped. Nothwithstanding a foot injury which prevented her going on pointe, she danced with ease and clarity, and projected confusion and despair with sincerity and depth of feeling.

A Fool's Tale

The programme ended with Ray Powell's ballet *A Fool's Tale*, yet another attempt at a synthetic fairy-tale, with yet another laughing-through-tears clown. The ineffable emptiness of this approach to ballet has been amply shown—or so one would think—by a series of works by John Cranko and Kenneth Macmillan, and it is hard to imagine why Ray Powell should have thought this a suitable project for the Sunday Ballet Club, which in fact offers a wonderful opportunity to try out new ideas. The only fresh idea in the ballet was that of making the heroine a blind girl: Antoinette Sibley, fine artist that she is, took advantage of the opportunity this presented her to dance with a strange groping quality, and suitably glazed facial expressions. But once the Prince kissed her and she gained her sight, the ballet relapsed into cliché. How much more stimulating it would have been if the Princess, on seeing the Prince for the first time, decided that she did not like him after all!

Derek Rencher looked handsome and dignified as the Prince, and showed a real flair for costume design as well, setting the ballet in a fantastic variant of Regency times. He was particularly good in devising unusual but successful headdresses and coiffures for the girls, with a V-shaped low tiara that changed the shape of their faces into something strange enough to suit a fairy-tale.

FERNAU HALL

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INDEPENDENT TELEVISION—LAUDES EVANGELII
31ST MARCH

By its very nature and magnitude the presentation on Good Friday by Associated-Rediffusion of Massine's *Laudes Evangelii* (a "choreographic play of music and mime") was an event of moment in the tortuous history of television ballet. At a peak period we were shown a ballet lasting 75 minutes —a ballet with a noble theme, presented in a way which made clear that a great deal of careful planning and rehearsal had gone into each shot.

Massine has always been attracted by religious themes. His very first project for a ballet, *Liturgy*, was inspired by the paintings of Giotto, early Italian primitives and Byzantine mosaics. The outbreak of the first World War prevented the realisation of this work, and the ballets which Massine later produced for Diaghilev were very different in theme and in style. But in 1938 he produced two ballets in which he made use of religious themes and worked out ways of translating poses, groups, etc., from paintings into movement. One was the Part II of *Seventh Symphony*, in which he made considerable use of lifts suggesting the Crucifixion and the Descent from the Cross. The other was *Nobilissima Visione*, presenting the life of Saint Francis of Assissi: here there was a great deal of slow movement and mime, with the hands of the holy characters held stiffly at angles inspired by old paintings and mosaics. Soldiers, in contrast, had clumsy grotesque movements very much in the manner of Jooss. After the second World War, Massine produced in Italy two religious ballets dealing with the life of Christ: *Risurrezione e Vita* (a work lasting over four hours) and *Laudes Evangelii* (staged in Perugia cathedral and La Scala, Milan.)

The slow, statuesque style which Massine has invented for his religious ballets is by its nature well suited to television: unlike fast movements (which tend to get lost) slow movements can be framed in such a way that they make a powerful effect within the rectangle of the screen, and in the television production of *Laudes Evangelii* it was a certain number of groups shots (in which movements were almost imperceptible) which made the most vivid impression. Here the work of the choreographer, the director, the scene designer, the costume designer, the cameraman and the lighting director fused together to project something which owed a lot to Italian painting and yet was both original and effective.

One such shot was the approach to Calvary. Michael Yates, the scene designer, provided a marvellous stylised setting which suggested both a hill and the inside of the dome of a Byzantine cathedral: ramps led up in the hill in three slanting legs of a zig-zag, while far above a downward-sagging curve suggested the cathedral dome. The director (Joan Kemp-Welch) selected a very long shot with action both in the foreground and on the ramps. This shot sang in the memory long after the ballet was over.

Another marvellous shot (or rather sequence) was the Descent from the Cross. Here the camera angles were superb, and the lighting director (Robert Grey) and the vision control engineers somehow managed to create a pearly texture which suggested an El Greco. The movements, too, were excellent: slow and sustained, with the limbs of Christ hanging in the tragic slack curves made familiar by scores of great paintings.

Some of the shots at the Crib (with light seeming to well up from inside the Crib) were also quite impressive.

Unfortunately a great deal of the ballet fell a long way below this level, and was in fact repetitious and monotonous: always the same stylised walk, with the stiff Byzantine hand positions which were pictorially agreeable but rather inexpressive choreographically. Much of the blame for this attaches to the music of Valentino Bucchi; his idea of adapting the music of 13th and 14th century Italian canticles was quite a reasonable one—the presentation of *The Story of Daniel* in Westminster Abbey last year showed that music of this period can be very dramatic—but his actual work of adaptation showed little understanding of the needs of choreography. Far too much of the music kept to the same steady, medium-paced rhythm, thus forcing Massine into monotonous choreography, and his orchestration had a glutinous quality far removed from the incisiveness characteristic of the period and in fact demanded by the theme. It was very noticeable that in an interlude of silence the movements devised by Massine were far more flexible and expressive than those set to Bucchi's music.

Another disturbing fault was the extraordinary lack of balance in the presentation of the life of Christ. All the events associated with the Nativity were dealt with in considerable detail, and the Massacre of the Innocents —specially added for the television presentation—was made into a long group dance (which in fact revived the manner of German modern dance of the thirties in a way which seemed even more ill-matched with the Byzantine religious movements than it did twenty years ago, in *Nobilissima Visione*). But we were hurried, with nothing more than a subtitle, from the Return from Egypt directly to the Mount of Olives, almost at the climax of Christ's life.

As against this, Massine introduced (as an "extra") a dance of lamentation by "Rachel"; in fact this was well danced and acted by Elletra Morini (principal ballerina of the Scala Milan) and justified itself—though it made the balance of scenes chosen by Massine seem even odder.

Far more important than the defects of this presentation, however, are its successes. Many of its most effective shots broke new ground in television ballet; and the use of singing as accompaniment was (at its best) marvellously effective, indicating that this is one field in which television ballet can open up new paths for a new synthetic art, combining dancing, mime and sung words in new ways.

G. F.

Sleeping Beauty—*continued from page* 6

Ray Powell gave a novel and interesting interpretation of the Wicked Fairy Carabosse, using a relatively straight make-up (instead of the usual grotesque one) and suggesting a sinister but well-favoured middle-aged woman. His conventional mime was particularly clean-cut and expressive.

Antoinette Sibley gave a marvellously fresh quality to the solo of the Fairy of the Songbirds (fluttering her hands so that they vividly suggested a whole flock of birds) and was no less scintillating as the female Blue Bird; here she was well partnered by Graham Usher, dancing with all the polished line and ease of movement we have come to expect. Maryon Lane and Merle Park joined forces to present some brilliant classicism in the "Florestan" pas de deux; but Florestan himself (Bryan Lawrence) was unworthy of his sisters, managing to combine two simultaneous faults in his foot positions (viz. failure to point properly and "sickling").

FERNAU HALL

B.B.C.-TV—THE SYLPHIDE—2ND APRIL

Of Easter this year, it might well be said (for more than one reason) that "it never rains but it pours": after months with little of major interest (choreographically speaking) on the TV screen we suddenly were offered two large-scale productions. *The Sylphide* was given a workmanlike production by Margaret Dale that incorporated a good deal learned from previous transmissions of a similar kind, and was her best yet: though inevitably it made a less vivid impression that a "live" performance in a theatre, it came over well, and no doubt gave a lot of pleasure to millions of viewers who might otherwise never have seen the ballet.

Drama is well suited to television, and—as was perhaps to be expected—certain dramatic scenes in the ballet came off best. Margaret Dale managed very well the transition from Act I to Act II, panning from Effie's face along her arm, over to the fireplace (where the witch was discovered), and mixing to the witches' cauldron—which was photographed in such a way as to make the best of the billowing smoke and Gillian Martlew's wonderful make-up and facial expressions. But when the drama was spread out widely over the stage the producer was put in a very difficult situation, and sometimes the action was far from clear: a shot of the Sylphide appearing at the top of the stairs during the general dance went for nothing, for she was kept too small and the shot was too short.

Lionel Radford's setting for Act II, showing a wide vista of mountain, lake and pine trees that merged imperceptibly into a floor cleverly painted to simulate grass, gave a wonderful atmosphere of Highland Scotland. But since Margaret Dale (very properly) kept her cuts to the minimum, the dancers often occupied only a small part of the screen, and the setting dominated them to such an extent that an effort was required to follow them. Possibly a less detailed setting would have been kinder to the choreography.

The close-ups of Shirley Dixon (Effie) were very effective, revealing a photogenic face and powerfully dramatic expressions; and that fine artist Flemming Flindt (James) also stood up well to the searching gaze of the close-up lens. Lucette Aldous (the Sylphide) danced admirably (as always) and looked ravishingly pretty, but the close-ups showed her acting as rather tenuous.

G. F.

FLEMMING FLINDT AS JAMES AND LUCETTE ALDOUS AS THE SYLPHIDE IN BALLET RAMBERT'S PRODUCTION OF *LA SYLPHIDE* TELEVISED ON BBC-TV ON APRIL 2ND

Photo by courtesy of BBC

Irina Kolpakova in *The Sleeping Beauty*

Irina Gensler with Anatoly Sapogov in *The Stone Flower*

THE LENINGRAD STATE KIROV BALLET

A NEW GENERATION OF REMARKABLE DANCERS

DANCERS trained by the Leningrad ballet school can be recognised on any stage. Their performances are distinguished by classically infallible forms, high artistic merits, great feeling for the music, excellent training and dramatic skill.

This school, which has been in existence for more than two hundred years, is the alma mater of such celebrated Russian dancers as Istomina, whose dance, "an embodiment of the soul in flight," was sung by the great Russian poet A. S. Pushkin, Pavlova, Karsavina, Geltzer, and the male dancers Nijinsky and Tikhomirov. This school, which is situated on Rossi Street (named after the famous architect), has trained the celebrated dancers of the Soviet ballet Semyonova, Ulanova, Dudinskaya, Vecheslova, Shelest, Chabukiani, Yermoleyev and Lavrovsky.

The performances of the latest graduates of the Leningrad choreographic school, who are now dancing on the stage of the Kirov Opera and Ballet Theatre, indicate that the young artists have brought something of their own to the ballet.

Having assimilated the finest traditions of the older generation of dancers, they did not stop at that; they developed their own way of interpreting characters, disclosing the psychological background of these characters, and conveying to the spectator the message of the composition.

IRINA KOLPAKOVA, in the early twenties, is a charming dancer of the lyrical and romantic type who captivates the spectator by the perfect polish of her classical dancing and sincerity. Her performances as the ruler of the Dryads in *Don Quixote*, as Maria in *The Fountain of Bakhchisarai*, and as Bluebird in *Sleeping Beauty*, Kolpakova charmed her audience by the gentle pattern and sculptural relief of her postures and movements. The music is expressed with faultless accuracy in the plastic movements of her characters. The young actress has scored a very great success in the title role of Sergei Prokofiev's ballet *Cinderella*.

IRINA GENSLER is a temperamental and dynamic character dancer. One is carried away by the dramatic power and relief of the characters she portrays. As Therese (in the *Flames of Paris*) she discloses the character of a highly impulsive, heroic and ardent patriot through her movements, now slow and smooth, now tempestuous, brought up to head-whirling speed. Every gesture, every posture is filled with deep meaning.

GALINA KEKISHEVA is distinguished by her optimistic talent, keen humour, vigour and playfulness. Her Nukeh, in Khachaturyan's ballet *Gayane*, is charmingly naïve, lifelike and attractive. Dancing the part of Little Red Riding Hood in the *Sleeping Beauty*, Galina Kekisheva is a real child, carefree, inquisitive and direct. Yet there is great inner power in her performance of the dramatic role of Tao-Hoa in the *Red Poppy*. Her dance is light, distinguished by austere and polished lines.

TANYA LEGAT, a granddaughter of the celebrated ballet master, is excellent both in the classical and character dances. She is equally brilliant in the fiery Panaderos, which is filled with oriental voluptuousness and passion, in *Raymonde*, and in the lyrical dance in *Chopiniana*.

ALLA OSIPENKO, a young ballerina with a good command of the most complex media of choreographic expression, copes with remarkable ease with the most difficult parts. Among others, she has danced with success the leading parts in *Bayadère*, *Swan Lake*, *The Fountain of Bakhchisarai* and *Raymonde*. Her performance in every one of these parts was distinguished by infallible lines of the dance pattern, by supremely dramatic and expressive qualities.

Galina Kekisheva and Valeriv Bogdanov in *The Sleeping Beauty*

Alla Osipenko and Anatoly Nisnevich in *Swan Lake*

text by LEONID LUBAN

OLGA MOISEYEVA was born and educated in Leningrad. She began her ballet training at the age of seven and completed her choreographic studies in 1947. Miss Moiseyeva has toured China, Denmark, Finland and Switzerland, and won international acclaim for her performances in *Sleeping Beauty*, *Swan Lake*, *Shurale* and *Don Quixote*. To mark the occasion of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet's 21st anniversary, with her partner Askold Makarov, Miss Moiseyeva flew out to dance with the Company during their Christmas season last year. They had a tremendous reception in Canada (reported in *Ballet Today* March 1961 issue).

AS REPORTED in *Editor's Log*, page 3, this issue, we are delaying publication of our July edition in order that we may include the first reviews of the Leningrad Ballet season in London. July issue will be on sale to the public on 5th July. It will greatly assist us if you will place your order at once, either with *Ballet Today* office, 15, Upper Brighton Road, Surbiton, Surrey (price 2s., postage 4d. extra) or with your usual newsagent or bookstall (price 2s.). Failure to do so might mean that you will be unable to obtain a copy of this important issue.

Right: Olga Moiseyeva in *Swan Lake*

At a reception held in the beautiful Chinzanso Gardens

Dame Margot signs autographs
On the extreme right is Mr. Bando, organiser
of the Tokyo Festival.
Photo: Ralph Mace

Arriving under Japanese
umbrellas, Brian Shaw, Donald Britton, Alexander
Bennett, Anya Linden and Doreen Wells.

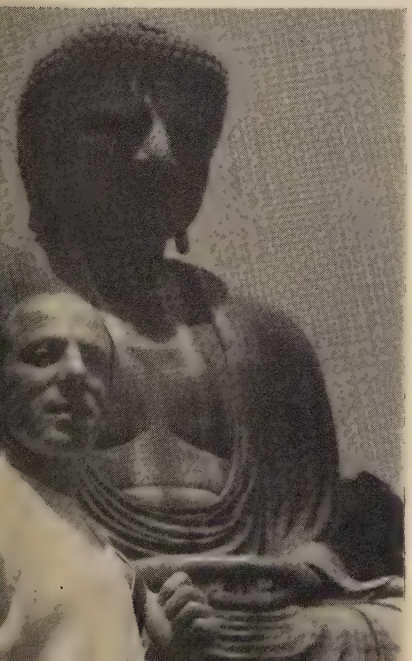
Photos by Cyril Eland, *Ballet Today* correspondent
in Tokyo, are exclusive to this magazine.
We regret that Mr. Eland's reviews of the season did not arrive in time for inclusion in this issue. We hope to publish these next month.

The Royal Ballet Fêted in Japan

At a reception given for them at the International Dance Institute

Above: Some of the people they met.

Miss Akemi Matsuo, ballerina of the Matsuo Ballet School.
Miss Momoko Tani, ballerina of the Tani Ballet School.
Mr. Nagao Sekiguchi, President of the Japan Ballet Association.
Miss Yukiko Tomoi, Modern ballet dancer of the Tomoi Troupe.
Mr. Okano.
Mr. Natsuya Mitsuyoshi, ballet critic.
Mrs. Baki Ishi and Mr. Baku Ishi, Founder of the Modern Dance Movement in Japan.
Miss Han Takchara, a very distinguished Japanese traditional dancer.
Mr. Mitsuru Ushiyama, ballet critic.
Mr. Kinnosuke Hanayanagi, Japanese dancer.
Mr. Goro Yamada, Modern ballet dancer of the Yamada Ballet.



Left: Brian Shaw beside the great Buddha of Kamakura, a seaside resort near Tokyo.
Photo: Ralph Mace

Column 2

Top right: Bryan Ashbridge talking to Roy Tobias of the New York City Ballet who is at present teaching in Japan.
Photo: Cyril Eland

Second photo in col. 2: Brian Shaw and Beryl Grey talk to Japanese dancers
Photo: Cyril Eland

Right: Valerie Taylor and Elizabeth Anderton try their skill with chopsticks

ORIGINAL SIN

SAN FRANCISCO BALLET CHOREOGRAPHY LEW CHRISTENSEN MUSIC JOHN LEWIS

Left to right

ADAM Roderick Drew **EVE Sally Bailey**

SERPENT Michael Smuin

This ballet was reviewed by our correspondent Jack Anderson in May issue

SAN FRANCISCO

ST. George and the Dragon (Lew Christensen-Hindemith), the third première of the San Francisco Ballet's spring season, proved to be very curious. Three St. Georges rescue three damsels from three dragons only to discover, while rejoicing, that a fourth dragon has engulfed the castle.

Incorporating modern dance movement with classic ballet, the work seems intended as an immense joke. But somehow its point is obscured. The obvious question which arises is: why three of everything? The dancers, moving sometimes separately, sometimes in unison, and sometimes in canon style, suggest those Picasso portraits in which figures simultaneously appear full face and in profile. Yet, apart from its visual charm, the joke emerges as a purely private one.

The company is dancing extemely well and several soloists have demonstrated marked development. Although Jocelyn Vollmar's Odette still lacks lyricism, she is excellent in the elegiac *Lady of Shalott*. Michael Smuin's extroverted stage presence and technical fireworks have made him a popular favourite. Highly satisfying growth has been shown by Sally Bailey and Roderick Drew, whose performances in both abstract and dramatic ballets reveal technical proficiency and a proper sense of style. Eve in *Original Sin* is Miss Bailey's finest role to date.

Repertoire has the virtues and defects of being largely the creation of one choreographer, a situation comparable to that of an orchestra programming an entire season of Mozart. However, Lew Christensen, that choreographer, possesses great ability and obviously regards ballet as a civilised and adult art.

To classify his work as "school of Balanchine" is convenient, but somewhat misleading. That Christensen is Balanchine's disciple is conspicuously evident. For example, both Christensen's *Sinfonia* and Balanchine's *Symphony in C* are crisply choreographed, somewhat athletic abstractions which strive to be literally faithful to their scores. Both have been termed "American classicism."

Yet the choreographers differ in the kinds of non-classic influences which affect them. For all his loyalty to the Petipa tradition, Balanchine also reflects the cosmopolitanism of the Diaghilev period. Christensen, too, though rooted in classicism, reflects the forms around him. But these are native American forms of jazz, musical comedy, and, to a lesser degree, modern dance.

There is a vagueness about some Christensen ballets with European settings. Where, precisely, does *Caprice* take place? Vienna, probably—but can one be sure? On the other hand, *Original Sin's* Eden is unmistakably North American. And it is equally clear that jazz and musical comedy occasionally break impudently through *Sinfonia's* classicism. At any rate, no one could ever confuse *Sinfonia* with *Symphony in C*.

This season, as last season, the San Francisco Ballet demonstrated that it can do fine things, given the right opportunity. A right opportunity for this company means long seasons at home and occasional, but not excessively strenuous, tours. All this requires time, money, and the support of an audience which will regard ballet, not as a snobbish fad, but as a necessity of a city's cultural life and, perhaps more basically, as an art which can provide enormous pleasure and stimulation.

JACK ANDERSON

an international feature
reporting world news in reviews
and pictures

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MUNICH

Alan Carter

ON 20th April, introduced by H. H. Prince zu Wied, Alan Carter admitted the public to a sphere which is usually kept a secret: the choreographer's studio. Until 22nd May, in the Munich-Theater-Museum one could study a collection which in many ways is absolutely unique. Carter presented costume sketches, decor drafts, films and tapes of those ballets which he had produced in Munich between 1954-1959, but the extraordinary character of this exhibition lies rather with the display of choreographic sketches which in this form are entirely original and unknown in visual art as well as ballet.

These items (wash drawings, water colour, some tempera, some oil on paper) retain the charming quality of sketches but do not claim to be finished paintings by a "finished" painter, even while Carter also in this field proves his all-round artistic talent (as in No. 41: "Jazz dancer"—a graphic jewel!). The importance of these items is rather founded in the fact that Carter has invented a new species of sketches which, far beyond being only collectors' items, promise to serve as an important contribution to the choreographic craft as such.

What has Carter achieved? He has created sketches which at the same time depict and represent (1) costume, (2) choreographic style, (3) movement pattern, (4) specific enchaînements and (5) the general atmosphere of a ballet. He arrives at this combined effect mainly through using the following technique:

(*a*) He works with a wide format corresponding to the spatial relation of a stage which allows him to describe movements by showing different stages of them on the same horizontal plane. At the same time he achieves through the clever use of perspective a realisation of movements down and upstage.

(*b*) He creates the visual effect of dynamic movements by drawing heads, arms, legs and torsos twice in different consecutive positions —similar to the techniques used in Balanchine Kirstein's "The Classic Ballet". The illusion of elevation is achieved through the use of shadows. These sketches never give the impression of a distorted human body with too many limbs but actually and adequately visualise for the professional eye dynamic as well as correct ballet movements.

(*c*) Ground patterns are clearly indicated through an ingenious manipulation of sweeping lines.

(*d*) Through limiting himself to two or three colours in each sketch, Carter arrives at setting the particular mood of his ballets. It is interesting to see how far one can really reduce the substance of a ballet to colour.

While from this description it will be clear that Carter's sketches are no ballet paintings à la Degas, it should also be noted that Carter's work in spite of his very intellectual approach is not only of historical and pedagogical value but of a definite artistic quality. His dancers are cold, anonymous, long-limbed figures which belong to the world of Oscar Schlemmer but are infinitely dynamic and balletic. They demonstrate a new trend in ballet technique as well as the general atmosphere of the modern cultural trend which has inspired this very development. After seeing Carter's work (especially No. 29 containing the entire *Ondine* pas de deux of Act III), one wonders if each choreographer before setting out to teach steps should set the choreography and its *leitmotif*. This would prevent frequent breaches of style and many empty choreographic passages. But Carter's approach is not everybody's nor does his contribution allow a short cut to choreographic perfection. Still I wish that his impulses will be felt or, better still, his exhibition be seen in his own country, England, before it is all sold out.

DR. WILFRIED HOFMANN

Festival Ballet Tour

Irina Borowska, former Prima Ballerina of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, made her European début in Monte Carlo as guest artist with London's Festival Ballet, and continued with the Company for the remainder of their foreign tour. Londoners will have the opportunity of seeing her dance during Festival Ballet's summer season at the Royal Festival Hall.

Festival Ballet Tour

PART THREE — TRIESTE — by ROBERT PATERSON

UNFORTUNATELY I am unable to continue my review on *Bourrée Fantasque*, as promised in Part One of Festival Ballet's tour* because the programme was the same as that given in Venice on the opening night in February, which did not include this ballet. However, I see that my colleague Col. Farrington has reviewed this during the Company's appearance in Monte Carlo (Part Two of the tour). Nevertheless, the Trieste performance, given at the Teatro Verdi on 7th April, was extremely interesting by reason of various cast changes in three out of the four ballets presented, thus making a fresh criticism essential.

To start with, in *Sylphides* the performance was completely dominated by the magnificent dancing of Irina Borowska, who appeared as guest-artist and had not been seen in Venice. As leading soloist she not only danced the prescribed dances but also the Mazurka pas seul, despite the fact that Jennifer Alderton's name appeared on the programme. Thus, Borowska was on stage for practically the entire ballet. Her performance was an ideal display of the classical dance at its best, with never the slightest effort discernible in her turns or slipping of position, and a development from relevé into attitude en tournant as steady and graceful as could be imagined. In the Mazurka pas seul her elevation was superb and did not vary, and she also performed a most precise grand jeté en tournant with slow preparation.

In such circumstances, with no third soloist appearing, the ballet unavoidably became somewhat unbalanced; and this made one wish that Gaye Fulton's solo in the first waltz could have been longer, so beautifully did she portray the sylphide awakened from a reverie in moonlit glade and eager for the dance.

As the young poet another guest-artist, Michael Maule, appeared and danced with grace and assurance. His leaps and beats are extremely neat and well timed, but he needs to vary his expression and give a more romantic, less athletic, portrayal of the role, especially when dancing alone. Incidentally, why does the young man always have to wear the traditional costume? Why not vary it for once, and let him appear in Chopinesque apparel, and with a Chopin wig? I believe something of this sort would help him to capture the romantic mood more easily. Maule partnered Borowska extremely well, and his lifts were well timed and beautifully finished. The corps de ballet did everything that could be wished from them.

Don Quixote Pas de Deux—Marilyn Burr and Oleg Briansky gave as brilliant a performance as those I saw in Venice, and were as cordially acclaimed. But I was disappointed not to see them again in *Bourrée Fantasque*, so much more interesting, choreographically, than the *Don Quixote* fireworks, which soon begin to pall. In Venice Marilyn Burr had been partnered by Emblen in the first movement of Balanchine's ballet, Belinda Wright by Briansky in the second, and Dianne Richards by Simon Mottram in the third; and I had hoped to see them all in this witty, scintillating work a second time and receive more definite impressions. But it was not to be.

The Witch Boy—This strange work got away to a good start and probably developed into one of its finest performances. In order that the audience may grasp the implications of the story, a good, convincing start is absolutely essential for this ballet and by no means an easy thing to achieve. Susan Winterton, as Barbara Allen's sister, started the drama well with a lively portrayal of the younger sister trying to cheer up the elder, and this was followed by Peter Brown (as the minister) giving a much more convincing characterisation of this role than that obtained by Skouratoff in Venice. With his greying hair and some attempt at clerical garb plus an occasional gesture of benediction Brown succeeded in giving some reality to an extremely difficult role, and thus kept this part of the ballet within the bounds of plausibility. He now needs to crystallise this portrayal into something less tentative, vary his expression which should be a trifle more unctuous and less strained at the beginning (his change of expression later towards Barbara was excellent) and wear another coat. Black velvet is altogether too showy.

Thus well begun, the ballet developed with ever increasing momentum and excitement. Belinda Wright (Barbara) and Ronald Emblen (Witch Boy) were even better than at Venice, and it was interesting to note how Emblen has settled down to the part and begins to develop its uncanny sorcery to such an extent that the villagers' instant aversion becomes plausible, even although they have never seen the witch-boy before. Belinda Wright's performance was so sincere, and her varied expressions of grief, anger, excitement, passion, suspense, anguish, so vividly portrayed that I can imagine no one else in the part.

A special word of praise for the corps de ballet in the villagers' square dance is certainly called for, and also for Jack Carter's wonderfully contrasted choreography following the utterly different mood in the preceding scene. And this square dance is not as easy as its very natural effect makes it appear: each dancer has a distinct personality which has to be brought out as the dance proceeds; and the gradual change of mood from enjoyment to surprise, resentment, anger, and finally to mob hysteria, calls for and gets clever miming always contained within the dance right up to the terrible moment of the lynching.

Norman McDowell's costumes with their softly blended colours create exactly the right atmosphere, and relieve to some extent the grim, lonely effect of the decors.

Graduation Ball—Let me pay homage to the immortal memory of Johann Strauss: the man who made more people dance than anyone else in the world; who made them dance so gracefully and happily to his enchanting waltzes, who imbued them with his infectious gaiety, and to whose strains so many a tender love affair has started, and so many dancing lessons too! I can still remember Mrs. Wordsworth's academy! And that was sixty years ago!!

Of such stuff *Graduation Ball* is made, and by such it will endure. Every dancer must love it, and also every member of any audience who has ever felt the urge to dance. And so with Strauss the name of David Lichine must be coupled, because by means of his ballet he revives in us dreams of past happiness, and memories of times free of care.

This time the part of the leading student and master of joyful ceremonies was taken by Dianne Richards, who quite stole the ballet and almost rivalled the music with the joyous abandon of her dancing. There is something deliciously roguish and naïve about Richards' dancing that gives it a particular charm, and makes her well suited to demi-caractère roles of this kind. Also, when necessary she can rise to a brilliant occasion as witnessed by her sustained ballonné towards the end of the ballet.

Diane Westerman was also good, but she is inclined to exaggerate the naughty girl's caprices and grimaces too much. Slightly more demure she would equally well captivate the General (excellently portrayed by Peter White), who is only too ready to be captivated could he but escape the trenchant scrutiny of the school-mistress (Janet Kedge). I don't think Kedge made enough of her opportunities and am not at all sure that the broader effect given by Rodney McDonald in travesti at Venice is not the proper foil to the impressionable General.

Although Carol Yule and Gillian Lane were all dressed up as though ready for the fouetté competition, this never came off; which was odd because they had certainly competed at Venice. And, owing to an injury to her knee, we were denied the pleasure of seeing Deirdre O'Conaire as the Sylphide. However, Gaye Fulton proved a charming substitute to whom, perhaps, Jelko Yuresha is better suited as a partner.

Vassilie Trunoff headed the cadets with all his old dash and gallantry, and with Dianne Richards, Jean Potter, Angela Symonds and Susan Winterton electrified the house in the Perpetuum Mobile. Louis Godfrey was again in excellent form as the drummer.

The Trieste Philharmonic Orchestra played magnificently under Aubrey Bowman, better, I must admit, than the Fenice orchestra. The players had evidently made great efforts to learn the music quickly, and their phrasing and expression left nothing to be desired.

I must not close without reference and grateful thanks to Dottore Mario Porcile, Festival Ballet's liaison official with the Italian Theatres and so well known for his splendid work at the Nervi Festivals some seasons ago. It was entirely due to Mario Porcile that I was able to secure seats for the performance, and thus this review is very largely due to him.

Now, back in Venice, I look forward to two performances of ballet by the Russian Beryozka Company, to be given at the Teatro Fenice on the 7th and 8th June.

Following that I hope to be able to visit Florence for the Festival commencing 20th June, when, all being well, I shall review Festival Ballet's performances in that city.

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Letters to the Editor

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Dear Editor,

With reference to your letter from "A discriminating ballet-goer" (published in your April issue), concerning advance publicising of Festival Ballet's casts, may I point out a few facts.

In the first place, if, on visiting a performance of *The Nutcracker* the discriminating ballet-goer were to purchase a programme, he would find on the cast sheet, not only the cast for that particular performance, but details of Sugar Plum Fairies and Nutcracker Princes for the whole week, a choice of some twelve performances. During their Summer Seasons, Festival present each change of programme for anything up to five consecutive performances. There is normally one cast sheet giving details of all similar performances.

Thus, if the ballet-goer is so desperate to see a certain dancer in a certain role, he is given considerable means of discovering at which performance he or she is dancing. On such occasions that he is forced to "sit through an evening of seeing his 'pet hate' in the ballerina role", our ballet-goer might find it possible to discard his prejudices and judge the ballerina on that particular performance. Failing this he could ignore her entirely and, who knows, might find something in the work of the soloists and corps that pleases him.

May I quote here from Noel Goodwin's essay on "Ballet and its Audience" in Mike Davis' book "The Royal Ballet", concerning such discriminating ballet-goers.

"They are the fan-worshippers who are attracted only by a star name, who choose which programme to see by the dancers appearing in it rather than by the contents of the programme itself. Their attitude, carried to its ultimate conclusion, would seem to demand their favourite dancer alone on an otherwise empty stage, without partner or colleagues or corps, without scenery or costumes or music—and a pretty lame exhibition that would be. 'Stars', of course, are inseparable from any form of entertainment however much emphasis is put on team work, but we should not forget that whatever special quality they have is only apparent in relation to the whole effect around and behind them. The younger artist is at least worthy of encouragement."

Perhaps our discriminating ballet-goer will consider this. My thanks to Mr. Cooper and the management of Festival for trying to preserve ballet as a collective art and not as a showcase for a famous name.

Yours sincerely,

Amanda Clarke (Miss)

Dear Editor,

I am indeed delighted to learn, from Cyril Swinson and through your hospitable columns, that both the first *and* the second sixteen years of the Rambert Ballet will be covered in print.

In view of this, I would suggest that the writer of it, Mary Clarke, would be well rewarded by asking Rambert to let her look through her private and personal little book of photographs. There she will find exciting pictures of the Vintage Years, and in particular a glorious one of Andrée Howard and Frank Staff which has never, I believe, been published.

It should be used if the proposed book is to catch the quality of the early days, for if any photograph was "typical" of that very personal Howard style then this one is. The so well captured lightness of movement which illuminated her dancing and defined her choreography is quite beautiful, and what is more, makes a splendid picture in its own right.

Of course there is much more than this one photograph in the little Rambert book to delight the eye, tickle the memory and, in a strange way, fortify one, but I do hope this early picture will be included together with some of the other very early ones of ballets now forgotten, like *La Muse s'amuse*, for example, because they will show today's ballet-goers what invention and style there was then to be found Sunday after Sunday in that little theatre up on the hill.

In conclusion, may I wish the book all success.

Yours truly,

Walter Gore

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR *continued on page 22*

QUEUEING FOR THE KIROV

text by JANET and LEO KERSLEY

Leo Kersley, premier danseur with the Sadler's Wells Ballet 1946-50, is now director of his own ballet school in Harlow, Essex. His wife, critic and author, writes under the name of Janet Sinclair.

Operation Kirov **successfully accomplished**
Leo Kersley and his twelve-year-old daughter Alexandra.

Thursday

OPERATION KIROV began for us some three days before the box-office opened—to be exact, on Thursday afternoon, 20th April. We had to come to London to collect large quantities of nylon tutu net, pink ballet slippers, tights and leotards for our forthcoming production of *The Nutcracker* and on chance we drove down Floral Street to see whether the queue had started. It had. Just over twenty people were camping out in the little alley in front of the gallery door. They were playing cards. Our plan had been to join the queue some time on Friday night, but now we decided we had better get there early in the morning.

Friday

We arrived at the Opera House by eleven-thirty, found Alec Marshall and got our names put on the list for amphitheatre and gallery—in both instances our numbers were thirty-something. Lists are necessary for this sort of operation, since otherwise one can queue for two days and then find squatters in front of the line. Mr. Marshall took charge of the gallery queue; the amphitheatre chap gave us a number and asked if we would take on the next part of the list. The queues were mixed but there was plenty of time—nearly forty-eight hours—to get ourselves sorted out before the box office opened. First to come after us were two charming Chinese ladies (B.B.C. television had a field day with them later, and a Canadian ballet student farther up the line). Five pretty girls just in front of us were, we discovered later, students of Andrew Hardie. They were taking two seats each of their allocation of eight: the rest were for Mr. and Mrs. Hardie, and for other girls in their ballet class. A fine example of team spirit!

In no time, it seemed, it was time for Leo to leave for his two Friday classes in Harlow, and his mother came along to keep his place while he was gone. By late afternoon there were twenty people behind us: we had not gained so very much by being there early, save peace of mind.

The opera that night, *Rosenkavalier*, was a long one: we had to move over to the other side of Floral Street shortly after six, to make room for the opera-goers coming along, and we all agreed between ourselves, when we were allowed to return after the performance, to go back to the same place where we had settled ourselves earlier in the day. When Leo got back from Harlow, we went and had a Chinese meal with Michael, a friend whom Alexandra had acquired in the course of the afternoon—he was second in the queue—and his mother. At eleven we all trooped back across the street, and out came the sleeping bags and camp beds. The queue was only allowed, by police orders, to extend to the corner of the opera house and the overflow began to set itself out along Broad Court opposite the theatre. Mrs. Ledward and twelve-year-old daughter Nicola, a ballet student like Alexandra and Michael, arrived, installed themselves in the queue and then got into their car to sleep—or try to!

At eleven-thirty all was (comparatively) quiet, and then the workers arrived at the printers' across the way. Their first action, after switching on all the lights, was to turn on their radio so loudly the pavement seemed to shake. Mr. Marshall came down to our part of the queue, directly opposite, and in unison a dozen of us called "Turn it down, please!" The only reaction was the appearance of a man, broadly grinning, at the window. "Why don't you all go home?" he yelled. At this sally a sleeping bag some fifteen yards away shot bolt upright and out of it sprang a furious figure, making its way to the police station; simultaneously Leo went down the alley and began to climb the stairs, in the hope that sweet reason might prevail. As he came down again, the noise unabated, two policemen from Bow Street turned the corner. Instantaneous silence!

The first lorry began to grind its way down Floral Street, grinding their gears and revving up as if to annoy us. At two o'clock a file of four policemen came down the queue, waking everyone—telling us that at five o'clock we would have to move across the road into Broad Walk .....it began to drizzle miserably, but we lucky ones under cover could ignore the rain until at five we had to transport ourselves, beds and bedding, across the road. Most of us got back into our sleeping gear and tried to have another nap, but dawn was breaking and we soon abandoned the attempt. We piled into the little café opposite the stage door and ate bacon and eggs.

Saturday

At nine Leo had to leave for Harlow again, so once more his mother —and later in the day his father—came to keep the place warm for him. Now, familiar faces began to arrive: Clive Barnes (Daily Express critic) and his wife, John and Betty Percival, Fernau Hall (Ballet Today critic), Reg and Ethel Murray, once leading lights of the London Ballet Circle, and at twelve along came Monty Morris, game as ever, with a camp stool and a rug. The three children and parents had lunch and shortly after the suggestion went down the queue that those who had been there all night should return to their old positions, for the weather looked threatening; so once again we trekked back into Floral Street. It was a good thing we did so, for shortly afterwards the rain came down in torrents. Everywhere umbrellas were up and those not under shelter were complaining bitterly about the rain.

The day wore on and towards evening alarm was sounded: jumpers in the amphitheatre queue! After the opera (*Rigoletto*) by mutual consent we moved the amphitheatre queue into another street and lined up. Janet checked the list, several squatters were ejected, with the invaluable help of Sergeant Martin. All were present and correct, including one poor girl who rejoiced in the surname "Worm". Every time the name was read out everyone shrieked with laughter, including the protagonist.

Our other queuers turned up—Mr. Ledward and Sid Kavanagh, to take over from Mrs. Ledward and Nicola, who went happily home to bed: Mrs. Evans, straight from a Council cocktail party in Harlow; and our youngest queuer, Patrick Anderson (11). We got Patrick into his sleeping bag, Lily Evans next to him with her knitting, Alexandra folded up in the back seat of the car with a sleeping pill, Janet with two sleeping pills and Leo just tired. By now the queue had decided to break where the shelter ended by the stage door and reform under the arches at the end of the street. Soon all was silence, and tonight there were no lorries. We shall never be certain whether the manager of the theatre decided to open booking on the Sunday because of difficulties with the market, and consequently Bow Street Police Station, or because, had we had to camp out till Monday, a few thousand balletomanes would have had to put their domicile as "Floral Street" on the

Continued at foot col. 1 next page

NEWS FROM HERE AND THERE

(*Continued from page 3*)

THE FESTIVALS

Turin Centenary

I have already reported that appearances are to be made in Turin by Ballet Rambert (May) and Festival Ballet (June), now I see from the official programme that during the celebrations of the first centenary of the Italian Unitary State the Beryozka Ballet from Leningrad will be at the Alfiera Theatre from the 13th to the 16th June. Also, Susanna Egri's Ballet (whose activities in Italy were the subject of an article in our November 1959 issue) appears from 29th September to 4th of October, with Colette Marchand as guest artist.

Holland Festival

This takes place from 15th June to 15th July and ballet companies taking part will be: The Netherlands Ballet (15th, 21st June, 6th, 12th July). Polish Dance Theatre Mazowzse (22nd, 24th, 25th, 27th–30th June). Ballet of the Opera Cologne (1st to 4th July).

PARIS

The World Dance Course organised by the cultural association for choreographic research and experiment again takes place in Paris this year from 4th to 13th July at La Salle Pleyel. The beginners' courses are designed especially for teachers, physical training teachers, heads of schools, amateurs, and for those generally interested in the dance and the arts. The intermediate and advanced courses for more experienced people, dancers and dance teachers wishing to increase their theoretical and practical knowledge. Or you can follow the course merely as a spectator. Entry forms, or additional information from: Le Stage Mondial de la Danse, Salle Pleyel, 252, Faubourg St-Honoré, Paris.

HUNGARY

Hungary is sending a 21-member group of dancers and musicians called The Wild Rose Company (Vadrózsa Ensemble) to the Llangollen International Eisteddfod in July. The group is sponsored by the Hungarian Building Workers' Trade Union.

SCOTTISH NOTES

by D. K. CAMERON

Classical and Free

AN unusual event—ballet performances in the main Scottish cities, Edinburgh and Glasgow, in the same week (24th-29th April).

For Edinburgh Ballet Theatre, founded in 1944, this was their seventeenth season. Maureen Bruce was guest artist, and her own professional competence was well matched by other leading dancers of the company, among whom may be mentioned particularly John Callander, Elizabeth Stewart, Alan Alexander, Heather Hodge and Maureen Ferrie.

The programme consisted of four ballets, a pas de deux (Bruce and Callander) and a divertissement called *Pastoral*, a rural romp from which an impression of brightness and liveliness remains (choreography: June Geissler).

Of the ballets, the most considerable was the curtain piece, *The Seasons*, with choreography by the Ballet's Director, Marjory Middleton to Glazounov's music, and costumes and décor by Alan Alexander. The costumes, sets and lighting were very well integrated with the danced representation of the four seasons, and one recalls particularly the lyricism attained by Maureen Bruce as "Summer" with Alan Alexander as her Consort. A large corps was adroitly handled and served Miss Middleton well.

Miss Middleton's comical *Muckle-Mou'd Meg*, based on the old story of the reiver who is forced to marry the ugly daughter of a landowner on whose land he has been taken, gave Elizabeth Stewart and Alan Alexander good opportunities, although the character miming probably came off best here.

John Callander, partnering Maureen Bruce, choreographed and danced the lead in *Ecstasy*, in which Death's Acolyte claims her Chosen One.

This, to music by Richard Ralf, was the most interesting of the ballets, and at least for this writer, provided the evening's most positive moments of dramatic intensity. Callander is a most accomplished and expressive dancer with a touch of Gilpin about him.

In *L'Arlesienne* (choreography, Anne Frater; music, Bizet/Meyerbeer; costumes and décor, Alexander) I liked Maureen Ferrie's pert projection in the name part, and the tidiness of Miss Frater's crowd work with the corps.

THE Scottish National Ballet (at Glasgow Alhambra) bases its work on Margaret Morris's own free dance movement. This was a show designed for popular appeal. Five short ballets were interspersed with Scottish country dances and traditional dances for male soloist (these last being executed perfectly by Robert Hardie) and songs by Niven Miller and Kay Gordon.

Miss Morris, as the Ballet's artistic director, provided the two best ballets. Her *To Catch a Fish*, to music by the late Ian Whyte, is a ploy about a young angler tormented by the mischievous eldest daughter of a Victorian family on a picnic, and has comical complications when she hides a newly-caught fish on her person to deceive a suspicious bailiff. Angeline Reid and Leon Ward danced well; in fact the former had the appearance of being classically trained—something which Miss Morris probably found convenient here, for, in spite of her free dance preoccupations, one noted the liberal use of arabesque, lifts and jetés. Her *Gods in the Gorbals*, in which some Celtic deities invade that famed area of Glasgow, gave Sylvia Macbeth and Norman Leggatt, as the god and goddess, some good scope for stylized precision-work.

The décor for this ballet was also done by Miss Morris in collaboration with her husband, the celebrated Scottish painter, J. D. Fergusson, who died recently, and her collaborator as choreographer was Bruce McClure, who arranges the dances for the Scottish Television programme, *Jigtime*.

Sylvia Macbeth's ballet, *The Harvesters* (music by W. B. Moonie) was disappointing; perhaps because of too much mimed story and too little dancing (she herself provided the only long solo, and was just beginning to grip one when that ended), perhaps because of a certain lack of discipline in crowd work which seems to be a consequence of this dance-style—although one must admit that the "technique sequence", *Young Scotland*, was precise enough in the gymnastic sense to be pleasing to the eye.

QUEUEING FOR THE KIROV (*Continued*)

census forms:* but what we do know is that Sir David had made arrangements, in case of rain, for us all to be let inside the theatre—and had kept his staff there all night in case this became necessary. The rain held off, but it was bitterly cold, so we all appreciated the coffee on sale outside the theatre, both in the evening and when booking opened the next day.

Sunday

Though everyone was dog-tired, it was hard to sleep after dawn at five. Patrick, Alexandra and Michael were all wandering about shortly afterwards. Janet sat up in her sleeping bag and began to make out three lists. The two people next to us, who had taken over from the Chinese ladies (one an opera singer), had been given a bottle of brandy and we were invited to have a swig. The shop opposite the gallery entrance had opened specially for the benefit of queuers so we all piled in and ate a hearty breakfast. Next we organised our lists and money, and at half-past eight assembled in line, Sergeant Martin once more in evidence.

Rumours had been circulating that there was to be only one box office for each queue, so our relief can be imagined when it became apparent that this was untrue. Janet was inside the foyer when Leo rushed round in great excitement: the gallery box office had been told to sell tickets in strict order, beginning at A1: Alec Marshall wanted his usual seat A6, and operations had ceased entirely! However, this was soon straightened out, Mr. Marshall got his tickets and emerged

(*Continued foot next column*)

*A national census was taken that day.—Ed.

waving his cap in the air, to the delight of the television cameras.

With our tickets in our pockets, we strolled to the car with Leo's father who saw the first visit ever of Russian dancers to this country in 1909, and Monty Morris, who saw Diaghilev in 1911, pondering on the fact that in those days one could walk in to the ballet, even before the war one only needed to queue overnight. Pre-war the price in the gallery was 2s., now it is 11s. 6d. However, we are sure the company which first presented *Swan Lake* and *The Sleeping Beauty*, which produced the divine Ulanova, will be worth it all.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR (*Continued from page 20*)

Dear Editor,

As one of the dancers of the "Slavjanska Besseda" group who performed at the show (*See How They Dance*, reviewed by Fernau Hall in May 1961 issue) I was most pleased to see that your critic appreciated our efforts in the Serbian "Šopsko" and the Macedonian "Kalajiskolo" or tinsmith's dance. The vast majority of the costumes were made by the members of the group or by relatives and friends, and painstaking care was taken to ensure the utmost authenticity. I might add that a copy of *Ballet Today* is probably tucked away in all the homes of the group's members, but I should very much like to reproduce the remarks of your critic in full in our own monthly Journal for the benefit of our 200 members.

J. G. FISHER,
Society for International Folk Dancing.

RECORD GUIDE

Appalachian Spring

This ballet of Martha Graham's was probably, for many of us, one of the most enjoyable in her repertoire that she brought over here. The music of the majority of her works is specially composed and for the present performance, RCA. SB2104, we have the authenticity of Aaron Copland, the composer, conducting a sensitive rendering by the Boston S.O. He certainly has this orchestra responding to all his moods and the realism of stereo makes it a performance that can be thoroughly recommended. The coupling is a suite from his opera, *The Tender Land* (mono RB16232).

Les Arabesques

And here another ballet by a unique artist, Leonide Massine. This time he gives us Beethoven's finest trio, *The Archduke*. One does not readily think of Beethoven as "a jolly, congenial sort of a chap" but really, when you hear his gay, happy little tunes tumbling and playing about in this great piece of chamber music, you begin to change your ideas. It is for this reason the Russian artists, David Oistrakha (violin), Sviatoslav Knushevitzky (cello) and Lev Oborin (piano) on Columbia SAX2352, as fine as they are, have disappointed me. Their playing is most beautiful but their rendering comes too much from the head rather than the heart for my satisfaction. Trios are obviously an ideal combination for stereo, the players appearing to be in your very room (mono 33CX1643).

Enigma Variations

Most people think of Elgar, in a sweeping way, as the prerogative of the English conductor, but how the foundations of this idea are shaken by that grand old Frenchman, Pierre Monteux! He has a wonderful understanding of Elgar's friends portrayed in each variation and coaxes from the L.S.O. the most delicate shades of tone, as in the *Nimrod*. I feel that this, RCA. SB2108, can be considered as one of the few masterly interpretations of the music to which Frank Staff adapted his ballet of the same name. Both in this and the coupling, Brahms' *Haydn Variations*, stereo gives a clarity which adds considerably to one's pleasure. The Brahms, Alicia Alonso set to her first ballet, *Ensago Sinfonico*, and for some, Monteux may take them a little too swiftly and lighthandedly though this is no fault (mono RB16237).

Jota Aragonesa

This concert of Sir Eugene Goossens' in which he conducts the Philharmonia, HMV. ASD366, should prove to be very popular indeed. The most important single item, Respighi's *Fountains of Rome*, can stand up to the challenge of any other performance that I have heard. And the same applies to Glinka's *Jota Aragonesa*—the delicious dancing of Sheila O'Reilly and Pirmin Trécu to this music in the days of Sadler's Wells will always remain fresh in my memory. The final items are the dances from Weinberger's *Schwanda the Bagpiper* and Smetana's *The Bartered Bride*, as well as the Overture to the latter. These, too, do not fall below the standard that Goossens has set himself in gaiety and vitality. Altogether a charming disc (mono ALP1785).

Concerto

A pianist of Claudio Arrau's stature, the Philharmonia and Alceo Galliera lead one to anticipate great things but their performance, as good as it is on Columbia SAX2380, of Tchaikovsky's *First Piano Concerto* does not fulfil the bill in my opinion. Arrau's amazing control is for the most part beyond reproach but is there any feeling at all that his heart is, at the same time, bursting to play for us this vital and passionate concerto? I think not—but in fairness, the other extreme can sicken one. On stereo, the spread is first class, save for the piano, which in the first movement is excessive and sounds more as though one is inside it. So far, I have not heard an ideal recording of this score which both Etcheverry and Gregorieva choreographed for their respective ballets, *Concerto* and *Concierto Coreografico*. The coupling in itself is good, Weber's *Konzertstück*, but it could have been rendered a little less coolly. A part of this was used in the ballet, *Cinderella*, which Andrée Howard created for the Ballet Rambert (mono 33CX1731).

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June 12 : The Hippodrome, GOLDERS GREEN

June 19 : The Odeon, SOUTHEND

June 26 : The Theatre Royal, NORWICH

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THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

LES SYLPHIDES **SWEENEY TODD**

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27th	May	Sat.	(mat)	*Swan Lake* (Page, Hynd)
29th	,,	Mon.	(eve)	*Giselle* (Fonteyn, Somes)
31st	,,	Wed.	(eve)	*Swan Lake* (Nerina, Blair)
2nd	June	Fri.	(eve)	*Giselle* (Linden, Gilpin)
3rd	,,	Sat.	(eve)	*Swan Lake* (Beriosova, Macleary)

End of Royal Ballet Season

BALLET RAMBERT

On their return from Italy the Company undertake a series of single engagements for L.C.C. schools

6th	June	Fulham Town Hall
7th	,,	Lewisham Town Hall
8th	,,	Poplar Town Hall
9th	,,	Ealing Town Hall.
w/c 12th	,,	Kings Theatre, Southsea
,, 19th	,,	Theatre Royal, Brighton

London Season 17th July (2 weeks)

PROGRAMMES FOR THE MONTH

THE LENINGRAD STATE KIROV BALLET

at Covent Garden

19th–22nd June	(eve)	*The Stone Flower*
23rd	(eve)	*The Sleeping Beauty*
24th	(mat)	*The Sleeping Beauty*
24th & 26th	(eve)	*The Sleeping Beauty*
27th–29th	(eve)	*Giselle*
30th	(eve)	*Swan Lake*
1st July	(mat)	*Swan Lake*
1st & 3rd	(eve)	*Swan Lake*
4th & 5th	(eve)	*Gala Programme*
6th & 7th	(eve)	*Giselle*
8th	(mat)	*Gala Programme*
8th	(eve)	*The Stone Flower*
10th	(eve)	*Gala Programme*
11th–13th	(eve)	*Swan Lake*
14th	(eve)	*The Sleeping Beauty*
15th	(mat) & (eve)	*The Sleeping Beauty*

FESTIVAL BALLET FOREIGN TOUR

25th May–2nd June	San Carlo Opera House, Naples
5th–11th ,,	Opera House, Rome
13th–14th ,,	Casino Theatre, Geneva
15th–16th–17th ,,	Beaulieu Theatre, Lausanne
20th–23rd ,,	Florence (for the Festival)
26th–29th ,,	Theatre Alfieri, Turin

The Company then returns to London to rehearse for the opening of the Summer Season at Royal Festival Hall in July.

The season opens on 17th July and continues for nine weeks.

THE ROYAL BALLET ON TOUR

w/c 5th	June	Streatham Hill Theatre
,, 12th	,,	Hippodrome, Golders Green
,, 19th	,,	Odeon, Southend
,, 26th	,,	Theatre Royal, Norwich

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BALLET DER LAGE LANDEN

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ballet around the world

HOLLAND

by INE RIETSTAP

ALTHOUGH Holland was visited by Anna Pavlova's company and The Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, classical ballet did not seem at that time to have inspired the Dutch towards a ballet tradition. The girls and the very few boys who wanted to dance were more inclined towards the modern Central European style. Only after the second world war was there a change. The ballet of the late Marquis de Cuevas and the Sadler's Wells Ballet found crowded houses and an enthusiastic audience.

Het Ballet der Lage Landen

In 1947, a ballet company was founded called Het Ballet der Lage Landen, which was to exist for 11 years. It was then amalgamated with the Opera Ballet with Mascha ter Weeme as Director of the company.

The first years saw the company working under incredibly difficult circumstances, financial as well as otherwise. Shoes, tights and materials were not available and dancers had to do other jobs to earn a living, making daily classes and rehearsals a near impossibility. Over the years the number of dancers grew from 12 to about 40. Performances were given in the bigger cities like Amsterdam, Rotterdam and The Hague but mostly they toured the country, appearing everywhere where a stage was to be found and sometimes too where one did not find anything that could bear that name. The repertoire grew, and held, besides ballets of the Dutch choreographers Max Dooyes—*Straat der Verbeelding* (Street of Imagination), *Cascade Nacht van Endymion*—and Pieter van der Sloot—*Garden Party*, *Sonatine Achilles* to name a few, the works of many visitors.

In 1954 Jack Carter became choreographer for the company and produced for them the second act of *Swan Lake* and *Coppelia* the first full length ballet ever done by a Dutch company. He revived his *Stagioni* and *Impromptu for Twelve* and created several new ballets of which *The Witchboy* was the magnificent conclusion.

Walter Gore came to do his *Kaleidoscope* (called *Fireflies* in England) *Hoops* and *Streetgames*, created *De Eenzame* (The Lonely One) and produced the whole of *Casse Noisette*. Michael Holmes staged *Les Sylphides* and revived his own *Palisades*, and Andrée Howard's *Death and the Maiden* was performed.

Leading dancers during those 11 years have been Hanny Bouman, Mascha Stom, Greetje Donker, Ine Rietstap, Pieter van der Sloot, Aart Verstegen Johan Mittertreiner, Martin Scheepers, Norman McDowell and Ben de Rochemont, and since 1953, Angela Bayley the company's first dancer. Paula Hinton appeared several times as guest artist in her husband's ballets and Walter Gore made his last appearance as a dancer with this company.

Nederlands Ballet

In 1954 a new ballet company gave its first performance in The Hague in which city it was settled. This was the Nederlands ballet under direction of Sonia Gaskell, who before that had been the director of Ballet Recital, a small company of 6 dancers. From the start the difference between the two companies has been a very marked one. Where the Lage Landen had a repertoire containing mainly dramatic or story ballets, the company in The Hague aimed at a rather more "abstract" repertoire and the policy has been from the beginning to collect a great number of international well known ballets.

The repertoire is enormous, to name the most important ones: *Les Caprices de Cupidon*, *Giselle*, *Lac des Cygnes*, *Les Sylphides Petrouschka*, *Firebird*, Massine's

Boutique Fantasque and *Les Présages*, Lichine's *La Creation* and *Graduation Ball*, Balanchine's *Serenade*, *Four Temperaments*, *Concerto Barocco*, Lifar's *Suite en Blanc*, Skibine's *Annabel Lee* and *Concerto*. Besides these works stand ballets of the Dutch choreographers Rudi van Danzig—*Nachteiland en Ty en Onty*—Jaap Flier—*Mouture*—Peter Appel—*Spleen*—and Sonia Gaskell—*Ragtime*. Guest artists have been Paula Hinton, Marina Svetlova and Anton Dolin in *Giselle*, Beriosova in *Petrouschka*, Iréne Skorik, Raissa Struchkova and Youri Zdanov in *Giselle*, while Joan Cadzov appears very regularly as guest ballerina. Leading dancers are and have been Marianne Hilarides, Sonja van Beers, Willy de la Bye, Andrea Junge, Conrad van de Weetering, Jaap Flier, Billy Wilson, Sylvester Campbell.

Nederlands Opera

Besides these two companies there was another company attached to the Nederlands Opera in Amsterdam. Although it mainly served the opera it did give performances of its own, increasing in number during the years that Francoise Adret was its director and Roland Casnave its ballet master.

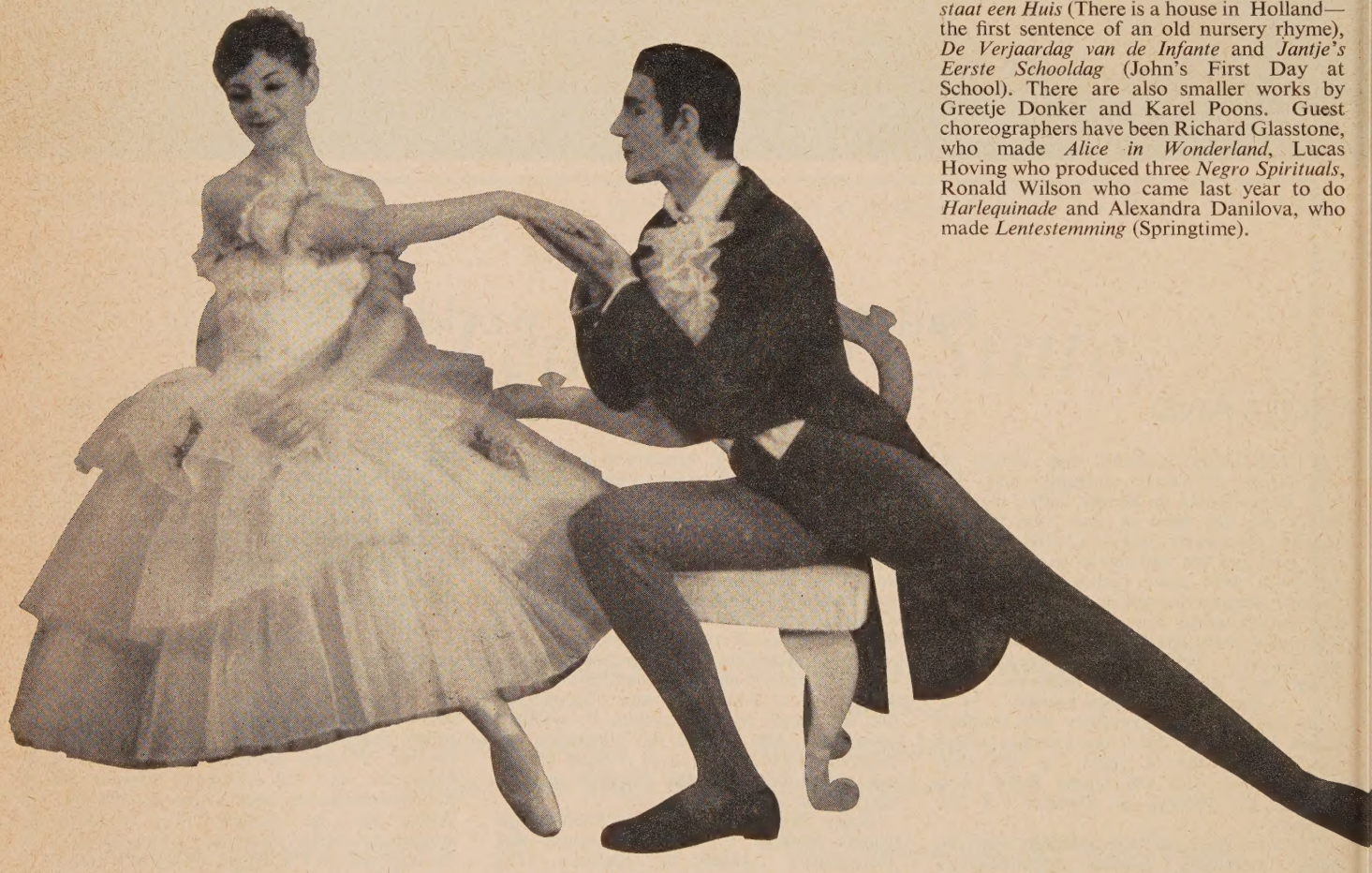
The repertoire held Lifar's *Suite en Blanc*, Balanchine's *Symphony in C*, Janine Charrat's *Jeu de Cartes*, Massine's *Le Tricorne*, works by Gsovsky and several ballets by Francoise Adret among others *Il Ritorno*, *Droom van Veronique* and *Symphony No.* 99. Guest artists have been Paula Hinton in *Giselle*, Yvette Chauviré and Vladimir Skouratoff in *Giselle* and *Lac des Cygnes*, Josette Amiel, Massine and his daughter Tatiana in *Tricorne*. Leading dancers were Maria Sylvaine, Hanny Bouman, Marianne Hilarides, Alexandra van Rhijn, Martin Scheepers, Chris Torenbos and Hans van Manen, who also did the choreography of *Feestgericht* and *Mouvements Symphoniques*.

Het Amsterdams Ballet

Strange as it may seem, the formation of these companies has been nearly always the result or very much influenced by political currents at different times, understandable because of the financial consequences. All companies were and are subsided by the Government and City. The Nederlands Ballet mainly by Government and the city The Hague, the Opera Ballet by Amsterdam, and the Ballet der Lage Landen by Government and Amsterdam but getting far less than the other two companies. Those influences led, in 1959, to the amalgamation of the Opera Ballet and the Ballet der Lage Landen into one big company of 52 dancers called Het Amsterdams Ballet, under the direction of Mascha ter Weeme and Alan Carter, (the latter left Holland after about 6 months). A great number of ballets from the Lage Landen repertoire went to this company and since then Alan Carter, Jack Carter, Walter Gore and Gsovsky have been producing ballets. The company has to serve the Opera but works completely independent from it. Guest artists have been Paula Hinton, Sonia Arova, Job Sanders, Rosella Hightower, Alexandre Kaliounjy. Leading dancers are Angela Bayley, Maria Sylvaine, Ben de Rochemont, Chris Torenbos and Philip Kaesen, whose brother Robert Kaesen did the choreography of two ballets for the company: *Kamelions* and *Glazen Muren*.

Scapino

Quite apart from the named companies another ballet group works in Holland, unique, as far as I know, in the world, as it works specially and only for children. It came into existence in 1945 and is therefore the oldest company in Holland. Director is Hans Snoek. As I have earlier said, all ballets are made specially for children and are, when necessary, explained by "Scapino" the character who gives the company its name. Most ballets are choreographed by Jan Rebel, the company's ballet master. The most important ones are *De Drie Paardjes* (The Three Horses), *In Holland staat een Huis* (There is a house in Holland—the first sentence of an old nursery rhyme), *De Verjaardag van de Infante* and *Jantje's Eerste Schooldag* (John's First Day at School). There are also smaller works by Greetje Donker and Karel Poons. Guest choreographers have been Richard Glasstone, who made *Alice in Wonderland*, Lucas Hoving who produced three *Negro Spirituals*, Ronald Wilson who came last year to do *Harlequinade* and Alexandra Danilova, who made *Lentestemming* (Springtime).



SCAPINO BALLET

Our charming historian Ine Rietstap is seen here with Martin Molema in *Springtime*, which Alexandra Danilova put on for the Scapino Ballet

Photo: Jan Dalman

AMSTERDAM BALLET

PAS DE QUATRE

BY KEITH LESTER

Left to right:

Panchita de Péri

Maria Sylvaine

Angela Bayley

Alexandra van Rhijn

Photo: Jan Dalman

NEDERLANDS DANS THEATRE

Two years ago a small company was formed consisting of nearly all the soloists of the Nederlands Ballet under direction of the ballet master at that time, Benjamin Harkarvy. The company, naming itself Nederlands Dans Theatre, had no financial support and is forced to give up its work next season. In the two years of their existence they built up a repertoire of modern works, modern in the sense of being all newly created, with no classics, except for well known pas de deux. Benjamin Harkarvy did several ballets—*Four Times Six*, *Primavera*, *Song into Darkness*, Ivó Cramer came to do two ballets and Anna Sokolov revived *Rooms* and *Opus* '58 for them. Hans van Manen, a member of the company, created *De Maan en de Trapeze*, *Klaar Af* and revived *Feestgericht*

All companies give an average of 150 performances a year, mainly touring the country, but they have all been abroad to Belgium, France and Germany. The dancers work on a twelve-months' contract and have four weeks' holiday. Both the Amsterdam Ballet and the Nederlands Ballet have foreign ballet masters: the former the English Michael Holmes, the latter the American Karel Shook and the Russian Abrachman Kumusnikov. Ballet has now found its place with the other arts in Holland. We all hope very much that it will continue to grow and find a place in the international ballet world.

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